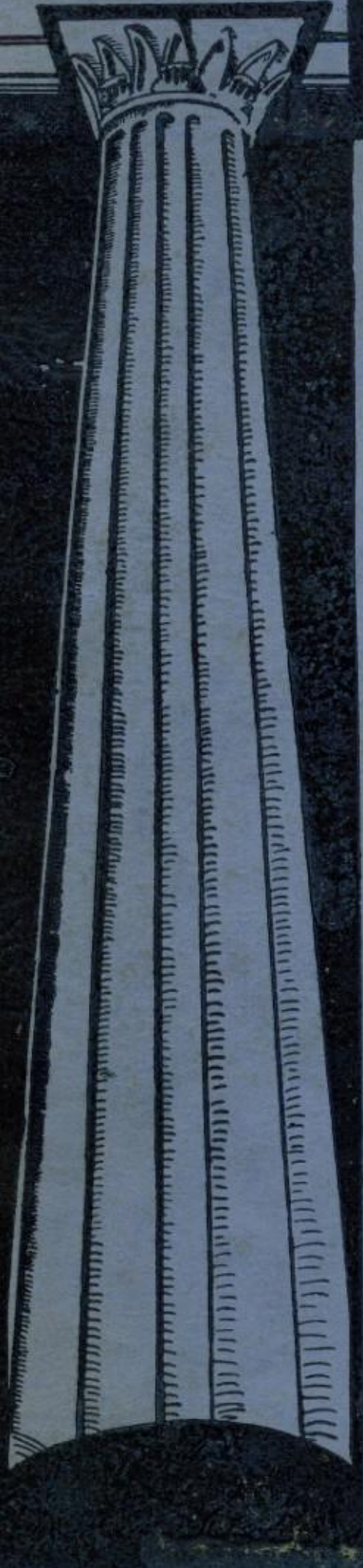


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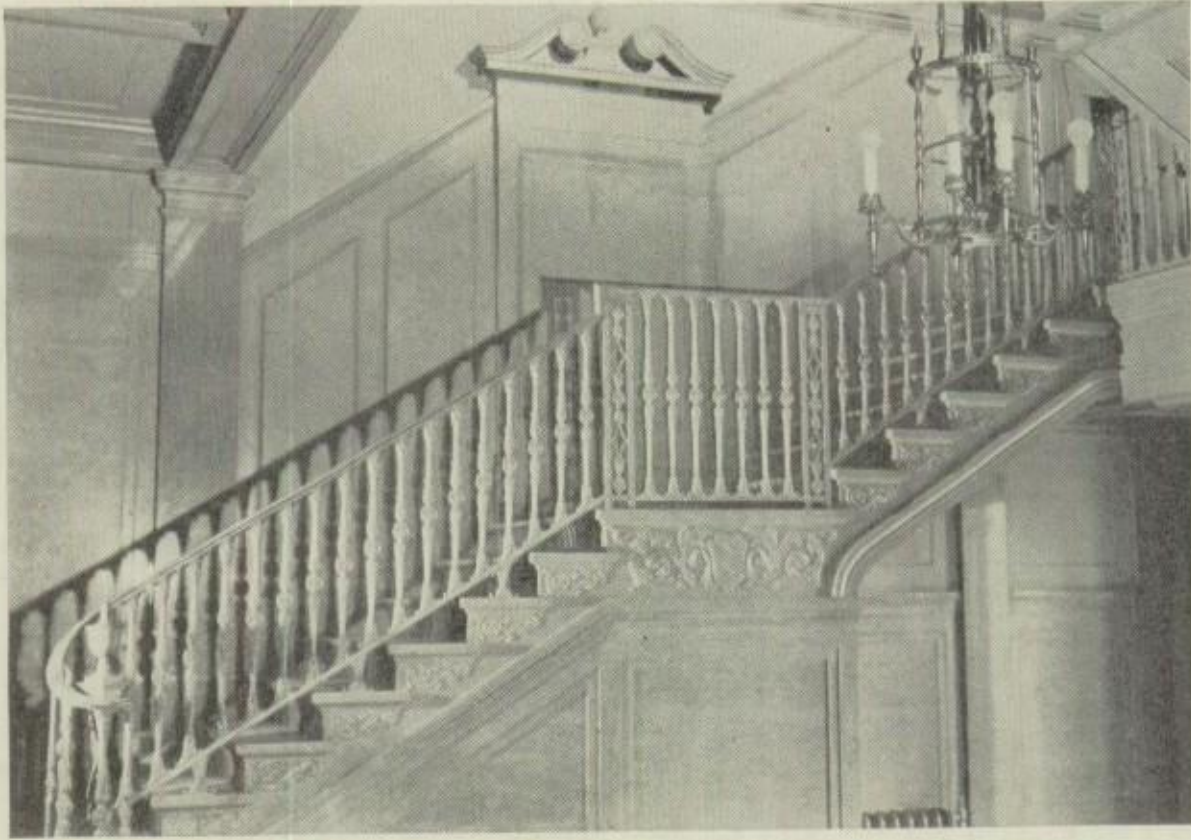
February 1935

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Beauty



A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching. Yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

From Keats' Poem to Endymion

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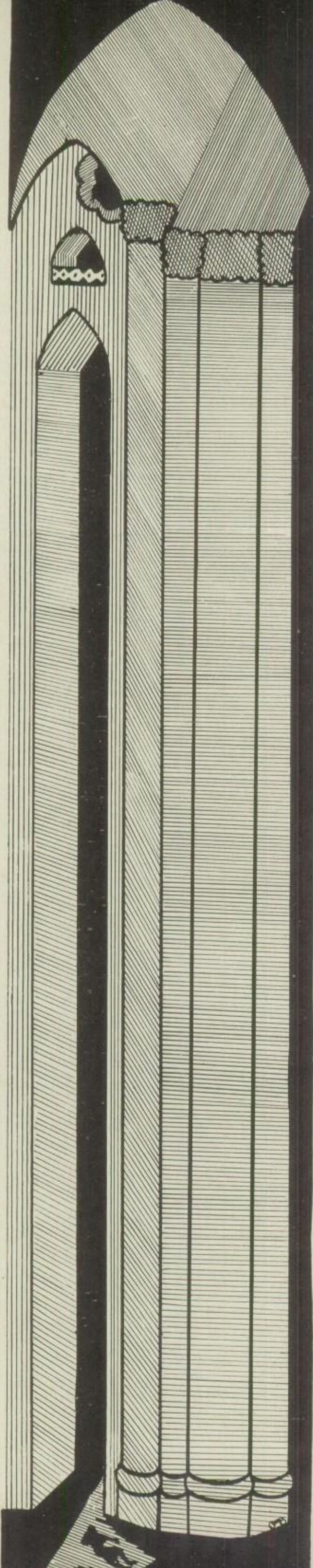
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Literature





Heritage

By Gordon Ross Smith

THE music of the organ filled the cathedral as if with some magic color as it rose and fell, almost fading away, and then suddenly breaking upon one's ear with voices of thunder. Clarence was quite impressed as he walked down the nave between the rows of pillars. He felt as though he were little more than a speck beside the towering columns, beneath the distant arches of stone. The huge rose windows above the doors made him feel conspicuous. They looked like monstrous eyes, cold and blue, or inflamed and red. They seemed so round—as if innocently surprised. Soft beams of light came through them, beams that soothed the raw stone, glossed over its roughness, smoothed it to indistinctness, until it mounted into nothing — fantastic and dream-like in gloom.

Life, thought Clarence, was something like this cathedral: distant, yet close; hard and cold, yet intangible. Ah, that, he thought, would be a good topic for his story, *The Fantasies of Life*. Or maybe he should say, *The Immensities*. Well, anyway, that could be decided upon later. Just at present the all-important problem was the selection of a theme, a basic idea. In fact, that was the reason he had come to the cathedral. This stoical structure had indifferently looked down on many deeds and scenes, dramatic, pathetic, and humorous, and would look down on many more. Here, he had thought, within this quiet edifice a great idea might come to him. But no idea, no inspiration, no divine revelation came to the boy. A genius is never prosaic. On the contrary, often a little mad.

He walked up to the foot of the chancel. Then he turned to his left and walked around behind the altar. He stared up at the towering columns, columns that formed the background of the chancel; smooth, polished col-

umns that appeared to mount to heaven; indestructible columns, among which the music of the organ seemed to billow and roll, surging into every nook, every corner, every existing cranny. It was all too great. It was all too huge. It seemed so complete, so omnipotent, that Clarence felt vaguely annoyed.

He turned and entered one of the little chapels, but the music, now soft and quiet, followed him in. He closed the gate at the entrance as if to shut it out. It was in vain.

The chapel, though of small dimensions, was exceedingly rich in material. On the milk-white altar of marble, which was partially covered with a purple silk cloth, stood sacramental vessels of gold. Brilliantly colored Gothic windows rose behind it. Twin ormolu cabinets, standing in the centers of the side walls, were crowned with Sevres vases of the most exquisite proportions. The cushions, the urns, even the walls themselves were of incredible richness.

But amid this luxury and beauty was a foreign note, discordantly sounded. It consisted of the chairs, which were plain to a point of crudeness. Perhaps the Bishop feared souvenir hunters. Nevertheless, they pleased Clarence. To him they seemed to dilute the luxury of the apartment, to make it palatable.

Ha! There was an idea. It might serve as a core about which to construct a story. He seated himself on one of the aisle chairs and began to think. He thought and thought, but after every idea some sort of objection presented itself. He grew bored and drowsy.

His gaze wandered back to the chairs. They were evidently just a whim of the Bishop. He was notoriously eccentric.

Clarence began to mentally ramble, aiming criticism and conjecture at everything in general and at nothing in particular. Presently he remembered his purpose in being in the chapel. Perhaps, he thought, if he closed his eyes he would not be distracted by his surroundings. Yes, that was a good idea. He put it into execution and—fell asleep.

It was night when he awoke, and the cathedral was silent. A faint hum of traffic penetrated to the dim interior of the building. He stood up, somewhat alarmed. He should have been home long ago. He went to the windows and studied his watch in the feeble light that filtered through from the street. It was twenty-five minutes past nine. Not so late after all, he thought, as he groped toward the vague outlines of the chapel gate. With a maximum of difficulty he opened it and stepped out. In the corridor, he stood undecided as to which way to turn. But then, he thought, it didn't make much difference. He turned to his right, walking quickly and quietly around the the chancel toward the transept. God, how dark it was! The arrogant, threatening columns reared themselves to indiscernible heights, like petrified tree trunks in an enchanted forest.

Enchanted? Haunted! It was approximately here that the Bishop of Hampshire was murdered. That was a half a thousand years ago, but it was still claimed that his spirit haunted the place.

Clarence's grandfather had once told him about the Bishop. It seems that this Bishop had had a friend, a dwarf. This dwarf was rumored to be a demon, for after the Bishop was murdered, it was never seen again—at least not in the flesh.

Many people had claimed to have seen its spirit since its disappearance back in the middle of the Fifteenth century. The latest person had been the present organist, and his story had set the town agog. His account ran that one night he had had to return to the cathedral to get some music. It was then that he had seen the dwarf. It was, he claimed, looking fixedly at him from the altar. The organist had described it as having a triangular, bearded face and horns projecting from the forehead. Terrified, he had fled at the sight, leaving his precious music behind. The next morning the crucifix had been found lying on the floor.

Clarence shuddered. Suppose he should encounter it? He stopped and listened. All was silent, save for the faint sound of traffic from the street. He proceeded falteringly.

Presently a cold sweat began to form on his skin. His scalp tightened, and he walked mechanically. O, God! Had he heard footsteps? He felt that he was being stared at. Baleful green eyes were somewhere in the darkness behind him. The infamous "sixth sense" was doing its insidious work.

He strove to put aside his fears. It was all nonsensical superstition! He listened intently. There was not a sound, save,—yes! From the darkness behind came the soft pat of very deliberate footsteps.

Dignity and reason fled. Superstitious terror, the instinctive horror of the nameless, wreaked havoc on his composure. He wanted to run. He wanted to scream. He was paralyzed with fear.

It was following him. It was getting closer. Two green eyes that were remarkably close together peered out of the shadows. Then, out of the darkness into the faint rays of cold light from the window, emerged a head and a pair of shoulders. O, God! It was the—the DWARF!

He gasped, and then his horrified shriek tore at the silence of the night.

"Go away! Go away!" he screamed. "Leave me alone! Don't touch me!"

He shrieked at the top of his lungs again and again, and then suddenly turned and fled down the dark aisle toward the doors at the end of the nave.

The Thing came bounding after him with a weird, unearthly rhythm, never passing, always keeping in the darkness behind.

"O, God," he whispered in despair. Terror forced him to run faster and faster, faster than he knew how. Suddenly there was a terrible rattle at a door across the nave. It opened, and a man with a lantern stood silhouetted in the light from the street. Clarence headed for him, screaming with horror.

"The Thing! The Thing! It's following me. O, help!"

He dodged among the columns, blinded with fear. Suddenly a dark mass loomed up in front of him. He couldn't avoid it. He was going too fast. Too late. He collided with it. Clarence groaned and sank unconscious to the floor.

When he regained consciousness, he was lying on the grass. A portly

woman was sponging his face with cold water, and there were a few people looking on anxiously.

"It's all right," smiled the woman with the cloth. "You'll be all right."

"Where—what . . . ?" began Clarence.

"Now you just be quiet and lie still," interrupted the woman.

Then Clarence remembered. "Where is It?" he asked, sitting up.

"Now lie down," insisted the woman.

"But where is It?" he demanded. "The Thing?"

"Where is what thing?"

"The demon. The dwarf. The thing that was chasing me. It must have knocked me out. It wanted to kill me."

"Be careful, be calm," she assured. "We won't let anything get you."

"Just a moment," interrupted one of the men. "You ran into a pillar, son," he said kindly, "and we carried you outside unconscious. But you were running about that building like one possessed." He indicated the cathedral with a wave of his hand. "Why were you in there?"

Clarence explained. "I fell asleep in a chapel and got locked in. Then the dwarf that Mr. Norfolk, the organist, saw, began to follow me. When I ran, it ran after me. I was running toward the door when it opened. You say I ran into a pillar. That's all I remember."

The man was silent a moment, while the woman tried to make Clarence lie down and the rest talked in low tones.

"What did this thing look like?" asked the man.

"It was just like Mr. Norfolk's description. It had a long, triangular face with a short beard. It had horns, too."

"How tall was it?"

"Oh, quite short. It was the dwarf, I tell you."

The group was silent for a moment.

Suddenly from the open door of the cathedral there came a noise that created general consternation. It was the bleat of a goat. A second later a goat emerged from the door and came toward the little group.

The man suddenly turned to Clarence.

"Was the dwarf the height of this goat?" he asked.

Clarence hesitated. "I think it was a little shorter."

"Are you sure?"

"Not very."

"I think I understand," said the man. "This animal is Little Minotaur, the Bishop's pet goat. Somehow it can wander from the cloister garden, where it is usually kept, to the main part of the cathedral. You saw it in the dark and mistook it for the fabled dwarf. Mr. Norfolk probably did the same."

"Are you sure that this is Little Minotaur?" asked Clarence.

"I ought to be. You see," he continued, "I'm a caretaker here. That is why I got in the cathedral so soon when I heard your cries."

"Then," asked Clarence, "all this excitement is due to a superstition and a pet goat?"

"That's about right," said the caretaker.

Clarence lay back on the grass and looked up at the silent, distant stars.

Defeat

By Hal Reid

IT WAS one of those sparkling, early, September days; the trees were still green and shafts of pale yellow sunlight angled through their branches to cast myriad purple-gray shadows on the ground.

It seemed somehow like the beginning of a new year instead of the beginning of the end of the old. At least that's how it seemed to "Little Johnny" Johnson. His real name was Hungerford P. Johnson, Jr., but "Johnny" was a lot easier. At any rate, Johnny had been training religiously for three months, and his rather undersized body was as hard as taught steel cable.

Football practice had begun and all was well except that Johnny's 134 pounds of brawn and muscle somehow had failed to make him the football player he so badly wanted to be. Still, this was another season, with another chance to knock Old Man Jinx down to his size and step on him. Yes, there had been other seasons for Johnny; two, in fact, and he had held down the bench from beginning to end.

Johnny was a senior now, but he could still remember the first time he had gone out for the team when he was a Freshman. He remembered that first day with its conditioning exercises that started out so innocently, and finally stabbed his soft muscles through with red hot pokes. He remembered his first gruelling week, and then, his Waterloo—blocking practice.

The recruits had divided up in threes, two blockers and a defense man. It was all very simple: one took his stance opposite the two blockers, and when the assistant coach shouted, "Hip!", the two men hit you shoulder to shoulder and drove with their legs, while all you had to do was get between them and crash through.

Johnny was on defense. It looked simple enough. He had seen practice sessions like this ever since he had been able to walk to a football field, for Johnny, you see, loved the game. So he tried to imitate the stance he had seen his heroes use. He set himself and waited—"Hip!" The next thing he knew he was flat on his back about three yards from where he had started. He tried it again. And again he tried until his body was blotched in spots with ugly blue-black markings and the pains in his shoulders wouldn't let him lift his arms. Not once did he "get between them and crash through." He had walked home that night with the hot tears rolling slowly down his face, and the next day he had been cut from the squad.

Yes, he remembered all that, and he thought, too, of how he had exercised and run and studied and practiced, and of how he had fought his

way through practices and scrimmages and a veritable army of recruits. He had made a place for himself on the third team two years in a row.

One thing he didn't know, however, and that was that when the final out was made in his first season, the assistant coach had said to that Almighty Personage, "Don" Wilson, the Head Coach:

"What about that Johnson lad, Don?"

And Wilson had replied:

"I don't know about him. He's too light, but that kid's a fighter, a football player if I've ever seen one!" He nodded. "We'll let him play."

What Johnny would have given to have heard that!

Well, this was another year and his hopes were high. He might even play in the Woodcliff game, but he didn't dare let himself hope for that.

As he trotted out onto the field that day in a pair of borrowed football shoes and his trousers rolled almost to the knee, he found practice about to start. Coach Wilson was out already in spotless white ducks, which, although he always demonstrated his points, stayed miraculously clean.

Another season was under way! And again Johnny fought and struggled and worked mightily. Two weeks before the opening game he had made a place for himself—on the third team.

Terry Ackerman, in his sophomore year, had been told by three doctors that he could never play football. His heart, they said, was weak, a condition which could only be remedied by rest. And so he rested. The next year the same doctors told him that for some inexplicable reason his heart was better and that he might even play football if he took it easy.

He was remembering that season as he ran through signals in his position at left end on the first team. Even as they drove against a non-existent opposing team in a "three play right," he shuddered at the thought of how he had played through that season happy in the thought that his heart was all right, and how in the Thanksgiving Day game with Woodcliff he had caught a pass, run sixty yards for a touchdown, and then crumpled into a heap. A "heart attack," the doctors had called it.

And now after those endless days in bed he had once again been pronounced sound, but still, every time he pulled a long forward out of the blue, he thought of that horrible sinking sensation and that blackness, and an awful fear tugged at something down inside. People wondered why he sometimes dropped passes or hesitated too long after he had them.

But now it was the eve of the Woodcliff game and he had to forget, he HAD to forget—THAT GAME MUST BE WON.

And yet Buck Serrini, the massive left tackle, who was running listlessly through the plays next to Terry, didn't care especially whether they won or not. He didn't like this crazy game anyway. It was all nonsense to him. He certainly would not be playing except for the fact that deep down inside him he knew that during his first two years in high school his fellow students had jeered at him behind his back and thought him "yellow" because he preferred Algebra and Biology to football. It was all because of his size; for

Buck, you see, had been brought up on a farm and was six feet two and as wide as he was long.

He hadn't been actually sure what the students thought until that time he left his coat in the gym locker room and had gone back for it only to find that someone had put a wide stripe down the back of it with yellow chalk.

That season he had gone out for football and made the second team. This was his last year, and he had made first string tackle; but, although it took two good men to move him and he opened ponderous holes in the line, there was something missing. That all important thing—fight!

II.

In the growing dusk they trotted off the field, sweating from their "laps", those hated circuits of the field which inevitably come at the end of a hard workout when your muscles ache and your joints seem to creak.

They dove into the steam-filled locker room. Forty wild animals pulled each other's jerseys off over shoulder-pads; linesman shoulder-pads raised high by secondary straps underneath and with air spaces between, backfield pads, flat and light.

Heavy, cleated shoes were thrown crashing into steel lockers. Varsity men pulled off pants with elastic stripes on the legs. Substitutes pulled off much-patched and adhesive-taped pants.

Student managers took great delight in ripping tape off weak ankles and wrists, for much hair came off too, and the accompanying howls were very gratifying.

The inexperienced left their towels in their lockers and came back from the shower rooms dripping water and questionable language as they found that their towels had already been used by four or five other players who had forgotten theirs, and who also, to go by the evidence of the towel, had forgotten to take off all the grime in the shower room.

The general bedlam was augmented by a flurry of towels being snapped at the players returning from their shower, much to the delight of the snappers and the discomfort of the snapped-at.

Buck Serrini secretly loved all this tomfoolery but somehow he was not accepted by the rest of the squad. They sensed his dislike of the game as a whole and unconsciously resented it. He sat there on the bench before the lockers in the midst of the fun and yet not part of it. He pulled on his socks slowly.

Terry Ackerman always managed to be the last one out of the showers and this night was no exception. He was immediately descended upon by a howling Dervisher in the form of "Bop" Starrett. Now Bop was a lunging, line-plunging fullback, with arms about as "beefy" as Little Johnny's legs, an asset which made him a foe to be respected, especially while snapping a wet towel. Terry dove for the first opening in sight, which happened to be the door leading to the lower hall.

Immediately he realized his mistake, for the door was quickly slammed and locked behind him, leaving him in a rather drafty corridor in an extremely

unclothed condition. Well, it was only a question of time, now, philosophized Terry. They had to open the door sometime. As he had his choice between exercise and pneumonia, he began to trot up and down the hall with water dripping at every step and his bare feet making odd little slapping noises as he ran.

All would have ended well had not the principal decided to go through that corridor at that particular time. At any rate, the principal gasped, and Terry gulped, and the situation was brought to a sudden denouement by someone's opening the locker room door. Terry didn't make any apologies but actually dove into the room.

Someone was telling the well-known story about another humorous incident that had taken place the previous year, when someone had imitated an assistant coach's pep talk to Little Johnny and then turned around to find the coach in question standing directly behind him.

Coach Wilson came through the doorway quietly and stood silent, watching "his boys". He was a coach such as you might find in any school in the country, hard as nails on the outside, but underneath a human being in the finest sense of the word. He was the sort of fellow who would batter to a pulp a man who tried to steal his watch, and when he found out that the fellow was half starved would pawn that same watch to buy him food. His eyes and his hair were gray. He loved this gang of his, these boys with men's bodies. Fine fellows everyone, these bronzed, homely gridgers who had graduated from the dust and dead-grass smell of the sand-lot to the alcohol and wintergreen odor of the locker room.

He tried to think of something to say to the squad. This was the last time they would be together before the Turkey Day game and he ought to say something to them. People were beginning to blame him because they hadn't won more games. He tried to think about tomorrow's contest, but always that other thought crept in like some insidious demon to torment him. It was money that was preying on his mind. He didn't need such an awful lot, either; a hundred would stem the tide.

Yes, he had *some* money. Perhaps he could scrape together fifty or so, but that was not enough. It must be a hundred. There was his salary but he needed every cent of that. He had a family to support.

He must think. He turned and left the hot, steam-filled room and went to his own quarters to light a cigarette. He was sitting there lost in a cloud of smoke and staring at the blank wall when Jeff Miller stamped in, a little breathless from the exertion of climbing up the hill to the club house. He eased himself into a chair, but not until he had lit the ancient briar which he always followed around did he speak.

"Somethin' on your mind, 'seems if'," he started. "What's a matter, Don?"

"Nothing much, Jeff," Don lied in a voice that was almost a shout, for Jeff was almost as ancient as his pipe, and his hearing wasn't what it used to be in the "old days".

"Why, Great Tophers, Don, y' ought to know I know you better'n

that. Why I know you better'n you know yourself. 'N you a settin' there a tryin' to tell old Jeff Miller there ain't nuthin' a troublin' you . . . C'mon now, son. Tell y'r old Uncle all about it." He talked to the gray-haired coach as if he were a child.

"Oh, I don't know, Jeff," Wilson hesitated. "The truth is I need some money—a hundred dollars. I've saved fifty of it, but I need a hundred, now. Tomorrow night at the latest."

Jeff exhaled clouds of acrid smoke.

"No way of gettin' any, eh?"

Wilson shook his head mutely and Jeff continued to puff his briar. Then:

"Let you have et m'self, Don, but I jist ain't got et. My pension ain't hardly enough to live on as 'tis, 'thout savin' none."

The two men sat silent for a moment. Then Jeff opened his mouth to speak and thought better of it. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe decisively and pointed the stem at Wilson.

"Now you listen 't me, Don. You ain't agoin' to like this suggestion, but a far as I kin see, it's the only way out. This here new football team of yours, fr'm what I hear, ain't got a chance ag'in Woodcliff tomorrow. Great Day, son, give me a chance!" as Don was about to protest. "Why don't you bet that fifty ag'in 'em? Now wait! I kin git old man Bartlett to take the bet. That ol' fool'll take any side of an arg'ment if'n I take t'other. What say, Don?"

"Great Guns, Jeff, I can't do that! Bet against my boys in there?" He jerked a thumb toward the locker room. He shook his head determinedly. "Not while I had anything to say about it."

Jeff shrugged slowly and stuffed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. He heaved himself out of his chair and moved toward the door, his rheumatic joints cracking audibly. Then Don called to him.

"Just a minute, Jeff. He lit another cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Tell you what I'll do. Maybe your idea wasn't so bad after all. I'll give you the money to bet for me tonight, but bet it on *my boys*."

"You're makin' a mistake, Don. That crew of yours ain't won but two games all season, 'n' them agin easy teams, but—if y' want it like that—" he shrugged.

"That's how I want it, Jeff."

And Woodcliff was one of the chief contenders for the State Championship.

III.

It had started to snow, and the brisk November wind whipped the flakes into the faces of the crowds in the stands. The air literally vibrated with excitement. The stands were noisy and the confidence of the Woodcliff supporters was matched only by the desperate bravado of the Lincoln rooters.

In the dressing room Coach Wilson leaned against the concrete wall and fingered the change in his pocket, trying not to show his nervousness.

The squad was seated on the unpainted benches or against the wall, their faces expressionless and with that ungodly "gone" feeling in the pits of their stomachs which every football man knows. Student managers moved quietly among them, wide rolls of tape in their hands.

Little Johnny Johnson pulled at the elastic strap on his helmet. He was praying silently for a chance to get into this game. He had, by some Act of Providence, gotten into three games this season and a fourth meant a letter. He stared unseeingly at his toes.

Terry Ackerman's hands trembled ever so slightly as he pulled the laces of his shoes even tighter.

Buck Serrini sat a little apart from the others and chewed leisurely on an enormous wad of gum.

A white-garbed official stuck his head in the door and said in a voice that sounded oddly loud in the quiet room.

"Three minutes, Coach."

Wilson moved slowly away from the wall and into the center of the room. All movement ceased. He achieved a calm voice.

"No pep talk today, boys. Only—that bunch in the stands have stuck even after all these beatings. For their sake, give everything you've got, gang! That's all. All right, now get out there!"

The three Lincoln teams took the field, their cleats spewing little pieces of sod, and their ears virtually deaf to the roaring stands.

Fifteen minutes later, with both bands blaring and the stands on their feet, a whistle sounded faintly through the great concrete stadium. Suddenly a little leather ovoid was in the air and the green, white-slashed gridiron was covered with milling, squirming, rocketing bodies.

IV.

They were back in the dressing room between the halves and the air was filled with the stench of rub-down fluid and steaming bodies. Coach Wilson again stood in their midst. He pushed his felt hat onto the back of his head. He addressed them in a voice none too gentle.

"Get your chins up, you bunch of punks! All right, they have you 6-0! So what? According to the papers it should be 60-0 by this time. You can still win this ball game! You, Serrini! What do you think this is? A ping-pong tournament? Get in there and fight!—Ackerman! What are you, anyway, a football player or a white-livered sissy? What are you trying to do, save yourself for the Prom? Get the lead out of your feet and stop playing Tiddledy-Winks!—Starrett! Don't you think it's about time you decided to start playing *football*? Hit that line with your head down! You've been standing up in there.—Smitty!—"

Little Johnny listened absently to the drone of Wilson's voice. Why didn't Coach put him in place of Serrini? He'd show him some fight! He had to get into this game, somehow!

Wilson was still talking. "All right, now, you sissies, go on out there and try to look a little more like a football team! Go out there and FIGHT! Do you hear? *You've got to win this game!* FIGHT, DAMMIT, FIGHT!"

V.

The snow was swirling down harder now, and made with the dying grass a slippery covering for the now-frozen turf.

The Lincoln quarterback called signals and there was the sudden, hysterical clash with its drumming of feet and dull thuds of bodies against bodies. Bop Starrett hit off guard for no gain, heads down and legs driving, his body almost parallel with the ground.

It had been the same way all afternoon; Buck Serrini didn't seem to be able to open that hole over there. But on that play the Woodcliff right guard made his big mistake. In order to make the tackle he deliberately stepped on Buck's hand. Something happened to Buck as the cleats ground in. He came out of the pile with his hand bloody and the flesh torn, but only shook his head in answer to the captain's inquiry and said very quietly, "Skip it!"

In the huddle he broke the silence rule. "Try that play again, Joe."

The quarterback was desperate and had decided to buck Woodcliff's strong arial defense again, but one look at Serrini's eyes was enough.

"All right, in tackle left, three play. Let's go!"

Starrett shifted into the fullback position. The ball was snapped. His legs drove like pistons and he braced himself for the shock as he hit the forward wall. But there was no shock! He charged through a hole you could have driven a wagon through and was stopped five yards further on by a Woodcliff secondary.

On the next play they carried the Woodcliff right guard off the field. But Buck's anger was not appeased, and Lincoln gained consistantly through their left forward wall until the Woodcliff secondary came up. Then they passed. It was a long forward and Terry Ackerman pulled it down out of the blue. Then he ran. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty yards down field, then—smack! The Woodcliff safety man hit him in a tackle which carried them both over the sideline stripe.

Terry got to his feet and laughed outright. He had done it! He had beaten Old Man Jinx and something deep inside told him that he would never again know that chilling fear. He played to the end of the game like a man possessed, and somewhere in the stands Dave Ransdale, sports writer extraordinary, pulled a little slip of paper from his pocket. At the top was printed, "1934 All-State Eleven." He crossed out a name opposite "Left End" and wrote in "Terry Ackerman".

VI.

There were two minutes left to play and Lincoln was "freezing" the ball on their own twenty-five yard stripe. There was no chance to resurrect the game now and Lincoln's only chance to keep the score down was to hold the ball.

On the sidelines Coach Wilson felt Little Johnny's eyes boring into him. The appeal was too great to resist. He looked over at the boy and said, just a little wearily, "All right, Johnson. Go on in."

Johnny was off the bench like a shot out of a gun. He raced onto the field as though his life depended upon it. Three years was a long time to wait

but he had made his letter at last. He sprinted on so fast that his momentum carried him right on past the umpire. He stood before the official like a man in a dream, and almost shouted that beautiful phrase: "Johnson for Serrini!"

As Buck trotted off the field, he looked at the tense faces of the squad on the bench and shook his head wonderingly. And while the substitutes were praying for a chance to get into this game before it was over, he was hoping fervently that he would not be forced to play football in college. For Buck, you see, still hated the game.

The gun went for the end of the game and another victory for Woodcliff. Jeff Miller moved out of the stands with the exuberant crowd, and chuckled softly as he thought of the one hundred crisp, new, dollar bills which were waiting for him in the pocket of "Old Man" Bartlett. He was still laughing as he said to himself, "I know somebody who's agoin' to be awful mad when they finds out I bet their money on Woodcliff, but they'll get over it, 'cause sometimes if'n a pusson ain't got enuff sense to take care of themselves you jist gotta use your own jedgement!"

Puppy Love

By Jack Hughes

A Play in three acts.

Characters: Bob Page, a senior.
Phil Graham, his friend, another senior.
Kay, Phil's sister, a junior.
Peggy Nixon, a pretty newcomer to Newton.

ACT I.

Scene: Corridor of a high school. Bob and Phil talking on the first day of school.

Phil: Say, did you see that new girl in English class?

Bob: I'll say. Gee, she's a peach. What's her name? I listened hard enough, but I couldn't catch it.

Phil: It's Peggy, I think. She's sure nice looking. I'd like to take her out.

Bob: Not if I get there first. I'll ask Kay if she knows her and manage an introduction.

Phil: I'll see what I can do along the same lines. By the way, where'll you take her if she accepts the date?

Bob: I've a bid for that De Molay dance in Passaic Saturday night. I'll ask her there.

Phil: I'm going, too, but I haven't found anyone to drag yet. I think I'll beat your time.

Bob: You're not conceited, are you? Just for fun I'll bet you the price of the bid that I, and not you, take her.

Phil: Done, but on this condition: The one who wins is to leave a free field and no interference afterwards.

Bob: Exactly. Oh, here's Kay. Kay, do you know that girl who—Here she comes, now; introduce me, will you?

Kay: Surely. Hello, Peggy. Peggy, this is my brother, Bob.

Peggy: How do you do?

Bob: (Bows very slightly).

Kay: And this is Phil Graham.

Peggy: How do you do.

Phil: I'm glad to know you.

Kay: (Aside), Yes. (Aloud), What class are you going to?

Bob: (Aside to Kay) Take Phil for a walk, will you?

Phil: French in 203. Going my way?

Kay: Yes, see you later, Bob. Bye-bye, Peggy.

Bob: So-long, Phil. 'Bye, Kay.

Phil: Good-bye.

Peggy: Bye-bye.

Bob: Which way do you go?

Peggy: Oh, I have Latin in 212. Where's that?

Bob: I'll show you; come along. By the way, will you be busy Saturday night? I've a bid to a De Molay dance in Passaic. Phil's going and I think Kay is, too. I'd be glad if you'd come with me.

Peggy: Really, I don't know. Saturday?

Bob: Yes.

Peggy: Thank you. I think I'll be able to go. If anything happens to prevent it, I'll let you know.

Bob: Thanks awfully. Here's 212. I'll see you around a lot, I hope.

Peggy: Oh, yes, I think so.

ACT II.

Scene: Bob's house, one month later. A party is in progress.

Discovered: Bob and Peggy talking.

Bob: Gee, do you know it's over a month since I met you?

Peggy: Not really!

Bob: Yes. Gosh, it seems like no time.

Peggy: I seem to have known you and Phil and Kay for years instead of only one month.

Bob: Peggy, do you—Oh, hello, Phil. Hi, Kay.

Phil: Hello, Peggy; Hiya, Bob.

Kay: Hello, everyone.

Phil: Gee, that music is swell. Care to dance, Peggy?

Peggy: Surely, excuse me, Bob.

Bob: Of course. Kay, what do you think of that Phil guy?

Kay: Can't you see, Bobby, dear, that he's teasing you? Phil is perfectly safe.

Bob: Don't call me Bobby. I don't see any reason why Phil's safe.

Kay: Well, I do.
Bob: He's a big nuisance. But, gee, I don't blame him. Peggy sure is a swell girl. She's the nicest girl I've met, ever.
Kay: From my Lothario brother. The boy who would never fall again.
Bob: Well, don't you think I've sufficient excuse?
Kay: Yes, but Peggy is really too nice for you.
Bob: Yeah, that's just the trouble: I think so, too.
Kay: Such humility. Ssh, here they come!
Phil: Thanks, awfully. Come along, Kay; let's eat.
Bob: Always thinking of your stomach.
Phil: So long, Bobbie. Be good.
Kay: Good-bye.
Bob: Good riddance.
Peggy: Bob—
Bob: Nothing much. We were saying how long we seemed to have known each other, and, well, I thought that maybe you'd wear my graduation pin.
Peggy: But, Bob—that means—
Bob: It means that I like you enough to want you to wear my pin, will you?
Peggy: Of course, Bob, if you want me to.
Bob: Gee, that's swell. Here, let me put it on.

ACT III.

Scene: Corridor in Newton High, two months later. Phil and Kay talking
Bob approaching.
Phil: Doing anything tomorrow night?
Kay: No, not that I know of. Why?
Phil: I have two tickets to a show, and I thought you might like to come along. Hello, Bob.
Kay: Yes, I'll go. What's the matter, Bob? You look down in the mouth.
Bob: Aw, there's nothing much the matter. Where did you say you were going?
Phil: Over to see "Southern Sunshine"; I hear that it's very good.
Bob: Yeah, it's all right; I saw it last night.
Kay: Why, I thought you were going to a dance with Peggy last night.
Bob: Well, I didn't.
Phil: So, Bill Evans is beating your time at last. Well, well! Our Romeo can't hold his girl.
Bob: Who's been kidding you?
Phil: No one. But I've seen Bill and Peggy around quite a lot together, and I know Bill is taking her to the Senior dance.
Bob: Yeah? So what?
Kay: Oh, Bobby, I'm so sorry.
Bob: Well, you needn't be. And don't call me Bobby.
Kay: All right, Robert. Here comes the woman who blighted your life. Rally round.

Peggy: Hello, everyone.
 Phil: Hi, Peggy.
 Kay: Hello, Peggy.
 Bob: Hullo.
 Kay: Well, I'll run along since you've come to manage these he-men.
 Bob: Me, too.
 Peggy: Oh, Bob, wait.
 Phil: Maybe I'd better go, too.
 Peggy: No, don't bother. Bob, there's something I want to tell you.
 Bob: Yes?
 Peggy: Well, you know I went out with Bill Evans last night. Well, I'm sorry, but I'll have to return your pin.
 Bob: Let's be friends.—All right, I know when to quit. So long. Come along, Phil.
 Phil: Gee, that's tough, old man.
 Bob: That's all right. I'll get over it, but gee, it hurts. Well, here's your class. I hate History, and now I've got to listen to it for a whole period.
 Phil: Why you used to like it. I remember your saying—
 Bob: (Excitedly), Say, who *is* that stunning girl?

Day Dreams

I wish we lived in days of old,
 When maids were fair, and knights were bold.
 I'd be a maid with golden hair,
 And you a prince, who'd dangers dare
 In some tall tower far from home
 To rescue me, a captive lone.
 I'd dream about you, one dark night
 And next day you'd ride into sight.
 When you looked, I'd wave my hand,
 And somehow you would understand.
 You'd kill the dragons at the door
 To set me free to sing once more.
 Then when we reached my father's land,
 You'd ask him for my fair white hand.
 Full gladly would he grant you this,
 And wish us happiness and bliss.
 We would be wed in splendid state.
 You'd find I made a lovely mate.
 Within a castle on a hill,
 With happiness our days we'd fill.
 I wish we lived in days of old,
 When maids were fair, and knights were bold.

M. Hortsch

Mysterious Night

A star is mirrored in the lake,
One solitary diamond from some pirate's loot,
And moonbeams slowly o'er the mountain fall,
Enveloping the trees in mystery.

—*Eleanor Roerich*

Backstage On Opening Night

By Cathryn C. George

AFTER walking down a long, dark, quiet alley, I come upon the stage entrance. At last I have reached my destination. After a cheery hello to Mr. O'Brien, the stage door-man seated in the outer office, I open the inner door and a gust of warm air blows on my face.

Shouts of laughter and talking issue from every direction. A blaze of lights welcomes my arrival as the huge spotlights are being placed in their positions for the first scene of the season's newest play.

I try to cross over to the center of the stage, but I am stopped by two burly men who are occupied in moving a large piece of scenery. It seems as if no one is idle. Everyone is bustling with excitement. As another piece of scenery is being moved toward me, I run over to a quiet corner where I can observe everything unnoticed. From this point of vantage I can see the various dressing rooms. The more brilliantly painted ones belong to the principals in the cast. As the doors open occasionally to admit a maid with gayly-colored costumes, I can catch a glimpse of the glamorous people who occupy them.

Once more I am obliged to move as a massive cabinet is pushed near my corner. This time I approach the door of the leading lady's dressing room, for I know I shall be undisturbed there. I breathe a sigh of contentment as I smell the grease paint, for I am a true lover of the theatre. Suddenly quiet reigns as the door near me opens.

Miss Brownlee comes forth. She is a woman of medium stature and rather plain-looking for the glamorous roles she portrays on the stage. Her one striking feature is her rich auburn hair piled abundantly above her forehead. She is clothed in a quaint black gown whose plainness is relieved only by a string of pearls suspended from her white neck. All is in readiness as she nears the stage. The stage hands scurry off as the last piece of furniture is placed in position.

Miss Brownlee crosses to the center of the stage, and the rustling of programs and conversation in the audience ceases, for she is a majestic figure and demands attention. As she speaks her first lines, a young man joins her. I watch both intently. You may wonder, dear reader, why I, too, am not preparing for the play, but my part is that which many of us portray in real life. I, alas, am Miss Brownlee's understudy.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. Gardner, Commander of a small Privateer at New Providence, dated May 10. 1745.

Printed at the Office of the President, *and dated July 10. 1795.*
I arrived here 4 Days ago from a Cruise between the
Artillery and Cape Florida, and brought with me the King of
Spain's Advice Boat, laden with Small Arms and all other
Warlike Stores. I left Benluna on Saturday the 20th of April,
and on Saturday the 21st took this Sloop. The Cruise I made
fore this was to the Windward of the Havanna, where I met
with 10 Sail of Sloops and Schooners, convoyed by a small
French Sloop, of about 20 Tons, which I engag'd for two
purposes, and then made myself Master of the Fleet, which was
loaded with Powder Sugar, Tallow and Wax Candles. My
Complement of Hands when I left this Island was but 9 and
myself, and theirs in the Fleet 70. One of my nine I lost in
engaging the Commodore, and the rest being disperfed in the
Fleet except my Lieutenant, Roger Bow, one Man and a Boy,
the Prisoners that I kept on board, rose upon us in the following
manner, and would have cut us all off. The Lieutenant was
sleep in the Round house, the Man and Boy in the Hold,
which the Spaniards secured, I was forward, cutting the
Anchor, and no Body on the Deck but my self with 3 great
Fire-dogs of Spaniards. And hearing a great Noise in the
Hold, I ran aft, and found one of the Spaniards there killing
Mr. Bow. I would have got out again, but could not, another
standing at the Door with a Cook's Ax. Upon which I cry'd
Quarter, but the Reply was, *No you English Dogs!* I then
thought, I would make a Push for my Life, bolted out upon
them, knock'd up his Heels, and, with the Ax he had, kill'd
him upon the Spot. Immediately I was thrown over board
by the other Spaniards, who fell with me into the Sea; but
being the better Swimmer, got aboard again, and kept him
t. All this Time the Struggle continued in the Roundhouse,
the Spaniard not being able to finish his Design on Mr. Bow,
the Place was so small. I came to the Lieutenant's Assistance
with a fine Broad-Ax, and made several Strokes at the Spaniard
with no Purpose; but by good Luck, the Dog looking about, at last
was up with him, for I cut off his Chin and lower Jaw; yet he,
knowing what they said when we crav'd Quarter, never flinch'd
at all; Then one of his Legg slipping out on the Bloold, I got
under this Stroke at him, and cut his Right foot off. Then
the Dog cry'd out for Quarter, which was granted for a few
Mins, that he might make his Peace with God, and then we
got him thro' the Body. So no more at present from, &c"

Custom House, Philadelphia, July 4. Entered in Davidson

Know ye that we aforesaid perforce and many perforce my wife Cath-
erine in the County of Worcester within his Majesty's province of the Marches
of Wales and his border shires paid for and in consideration of the same
somewhat of killing, lowfull money to us in hope before the Exchequer house of War-
re paid by William Butterfield of Worcester in the County of middlesex one of
our said said remain the Receipt whereof we do hereby acknowledge and our heirs
shall our heirs therewith fully satisfied and contented; Whereof one of our
part thereof do exonerate, acquit and discharge him & said William Butter-
field his Heirs, Executors & Assigns in manner shown by the certificate Have given of
bargained, sold aliened, conveyed and confirmed; and by these presents do
fully and absolutely give grant bargain, sell aliened, convey and
confirm unto him the William Butterfield his heirs and assigns to
all the Right Title that we now have or here have or ought to have in or to

grants, Bargains, Sales, Leases, Mortgages, with Covenants, Conditions,
 and any judgments, Executions or in execution of what Name or Names
 that might in any manner or degree obstruct or make void this present
 further more we the said aforesaid parties and many persons in and
 for ourselves, our heirs, Executors and Administrators do Covenant and Engage
 that we have given promise to him, said William Butler, his heirs & assigns
 against, & lawful Claims & demands of any person or persons what benefit
 hereunto, release and give by the execution of which we have received
 at our hands and seals this twenty seventh day of January in the year of our
 lordes second and thirtieth year, one person havinge and fifty six and
 twenty ninth year of his majesties highnes
 signed sealed and delivered
 In presence of
 Lemuel Perham

Thomas Read

Samuel Adams June 17

Samuel Adams Juner Mary ^{her} + pashant
march

Lemuel Perham

Mary ^{her} + pothorn
- mock



July 8, 1745.

NUMB. 129

THE

WEEKLY

NEW-YORK

POST: BOY

With the greatest Admiration

Rural and Domestic.

The following Account by Mr. Edwards of the French Inhabitants towards the Close of the Northumberland Plan of War, as they travelled from Caen to St. Malo's, thence to take Shipping for England, was written by one of these unfortunate People, & contains also the Portents, which gave an Account of the miserable Circumstances of the French Inhabitants.

N the Country as we go'd thro', the People for the most Part us'd us with great Kindness, and to our People that were most distressed, were very charitable, getting Provisions ready against us, some for the Allowance from the French was but 6 Sols per Day, and of that they hopp'd a small Money for Straw. At Dinner the Usher in the Castle was much better than at

It is that living Creatures. Their Provision is very hard; I have been told by one of the chief Inhabitants that some of the worst Sort of People have not lived a bit of Man time the Year. An *Agelaine* was the last Appearance of the Roam (this being a Report, with Evidence of Merchants & Trading People of good Faith), but in that and the other Islands I visited, they too easily discover'd the hard Earth than to bear a burden.

The Major Towns the said the Militia of our Government, but each Island, Place or Settlement, being a little more than to bear the weight of Armies were not, they were in Waves after us and on the other hand, we were very prudent. Many People cry'd, when they saw us, as Living lost of kind of their in the like Condition in *England*, they were

However Noblie Donne

By Gordon Ross Smith

"For deeds doe die, however noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise words, taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye."

—Spenser.

IN SPITE of numerous good points—their good taste, their spirit of independence, their incorruptible principles — our Colonial forbears were not great patrons of the fine arts. Literature, so important to us, had little place in their lives. Libraries — always private — were few and far between, and newspapers were almost as rare.

On the page at the left will be seen three photographs of Colonial documents. The lowest one is a typical example of an early American publication, a copy of a Colonial newspaper, dated July 8, 1745. On second thought, it can scarcely be called a "newspaper". It is only eighteen inches wide when opened.

Few papers of these times contained anything of importance. There would be a few extracts from letters, reports from abroad, accounts of local affairs, and advertisements. Time has made them more or less interesting, but on the date of publication they are said to have been rather dull.

Indeed, historians have given the Colonial newspaper a reputation for dullness which I don't think it deserves. The photograph in the middle of the opposite page reproduces a paragraph in the copy of the newspaper mentioned above. Anyone who read this paragraph, will admit that those were the days "when men were men".

The two top photographs are of a release, from Lemuel and Mary Parham to William Butterfield, for property in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Only the top and bottom are shown, and the date, which is on the bottom, is January 4, 1756. Notice that it is witnessed by the celebrated leader of the American Revolution, Samuel Adams.

It has been well cared for these past 178 years. In its long life it has traveled from Maine to Florida and back again. Who can estimate the value of this document to those involved? Men may have traveled over mountains, through woods, in snow and sleet, to sign this paper. All the people concerned in it have long since died; the position of the property is vague, but it certainly isn't in the hands of the heirs of the original owners.

These two documents, one once so closely connected with the affairs of the world, the other once so treasured and so valued, have lost all connections with life. They are only interesting relics, only mediums by which we can listen to voices coming to us through the fog of the years, from the days before our nation was born.

The Organist

By Myrtle J. Wood

HIS fingers quickly glided over the keys in a triumphant march. But Old Tom wasn't triumphant. For sixty years he had sat at this old bench and accompanied the Church Choir, but of late there hadn't been much of a choir. No, he wasn't triumphant. He wasn't even happy.

The march ended suddenly and Old Tom sat back on the bench, his eyes closed, thinking,—thinking of his sixty years of service in the parish church at Kendal. He had never been paid anything, he didn't want that. All he wanted was the joy of sitting at his favorite instrument, the church organ.

Sitting there now, Old Tom wondered what could be causing the poor attendance of the choir. Was it his playing? No, it couldn't be that, for the men and boys had always complimented him. And he wasn't unfaithful. He had never missed a service during his sixty years there. It must be something else. Old Tom closed the organ, gathered up his music, and left the church.

The brisk air made him feel better. He straightened his stooped shoulders and felt young again as he walked through the graveyard to the latchgate. Old Tom remembered the day he first walked through that latchgate. He was young and strong then, and about to be married to the "sweetest lass in all England", as Tom called her. Mary was still the cheery person she had been as a young girl, and she had made Old Tom happy. It was only lately that he was unhappy, and the choir had caused his grief.

Tom loved England. He had never been outside the Lake District of Kendal, so that was the part of England that was dearest to him. Walking down the lane, one could look up at the near-by mountains and see tiny white dots moving about. They looked like moving snow flakes, but any native of Kendal knew they were sheep, grazing on the mountainside. The stone walls, built in olden times, formed a checkerboard on the high hills. Tom looked at all this and tried to forget his unhappiness, but his mind kept going back to the choir.

Suddenly he came to a decision there in the lane. He would resign. Yes, that was the only thing to do. Maybe he wasn't wanted any more and the Choir didn't know how to get rid of him. He was old, going on eighty years, and perhaps a younger man would be better. Old Tom decided he would tell the Vicar Sunday evening after the Vesper Service. He lit his old pipe, and walked the rest of the way home deep in thought.

Home to Old Tom was a little white-washed cottage with a thatched roof. As Tom opened the rickety gate he spied Mary in the garden, working on her flowers. The garden was Mary's favorite pastime, just as the organ was Tom's. Looking at Mary, one would not think her English. She was not tall and thin, characteristic of the average Englishwoman. She was short and

buxom, and although she was almost as old as Tom, her face showed no wrinkles, except when she laughed. Tom loved her laugh—it was high pitched and ringing. It was such a laugh that he heard as he approached Mary now.

"Hello, Tom," she said as he kissed her lightly on the cheek. "I was just laughing at your sober face. You look very serious today."

"And I am serious today," he replied.

Then he told Mary of his intention to leave the Church as organist. Mary laughed and said he was foolish.

"There isn't a better organist in Kendal," said she proudly.

Tom looked at her, and pinching her cheek, replied: "Aye, but you're the only one who thinks that."

The two talked the thing over, but Tom's decision was made.

Sunday came, and as Vesper time approached, Old Tom felt blue and melancholy. He thought of changing his mind and staying on as Organist, but then he laughed at himself mockingly. He wasn't wanted. He had his afternoon tea and cookies, and after bidding Mary good-bye, left for Church.

As he approached the Church, Old Tom heard the bells ringing in beautiful tune. They seemed more beautiful tonight than ever before. Walking up the steps in the graveyard, Tom felt a queer twist at his heart, and he had to stop a moment to rest. Oh, he was old, all right. And here all along he had thought he was as young and chipper as ever.

As Tom opened the side door of the Church, he heard a great many voices talking in hushed tones. His heart beat faster as he walked through the Church into the Choir Room. Could it be possible that all the Choir was out tonight? Tom hoped it was, but told himself it couldn't be. But it was! There they were, men and little boys, all in their vestments. The little boys' faces shone eagerly and the men were happy. Tom greeted them all, laughing and joking with each other. He hurried into his vestments, and entered the Sacristy to tell the Vicar the good news.

"It's happy I am tonight," said Tom, breathing fast and smiling.

"And why?", asked the Vicar. "Have you heard some good news?"

"Aye, Aye," said the happy old man. "The lads are all in their places tonight." And with that, he rushed out into the hall and on into the Church to the organ, his organ.

As Tom played through the prelude, he changed his decision and became determined to stay on at the Church as organist. He'd show them he wasn't old or feeble. He played the entire service through beautifully and the Choir was splendid. Their voices were hushed and soft.

As the Choir marched out of the Church, the Vicar looked at the tired and happy Tom, and told himself that he must compliment him for his music in the evening's service. People didn't bother much about Old Tom. He had come to be regarded as a permanent fixture in the Church. The vicar removed his vestments and waited for Tom to come out of the Church with his music. But Tom didn't come—he couldn't. He had passed away, seated at the organ. His happiness had been too much for his old heart.

The Cornell I Know

(*Ed. Note*—The following article was written by John Gordon Dobson, an undergraduate at Cornell University. He was graduated from Clifton High School in June, 1931, and entered Cornell September, 1932. He is a member of the Editorial Board of the *Cornell Daily Sun*, a student newspaper published daily except Sundays, by a board of 17 members without faculty control. Mr. Dobson is taking a mechanical Engineering course. The Editor hopes that more contributions of this nature will be received from graduates in the future.)

WHEN the name "Cornell" is mentioned to most of my readers. I imagine that it will bring to their mind some indefinite place to the north or west of Clifton. If their knowledge goes farther, they may also have heard that it is "far above Cayuga's waters".

It has, of course, gained for me in the last two years a much more definite meaning. I know that it is 250 miles north-west of Clifton, at Ithaca, New York; that it has 5600 students and over 1800 in the faculty and administration departments, that one can be so unfortunate as to have two successive classes in buildings over a mile apart on the campus; that the campus is 350 feet above Cayuga's waters and the town up the worst hill I've ever climbed.

Cornell, to the undergraduate, is not a bunch of statistics like the above but a smooth flowing vibrant life in contact with men, both of the faculty and students, who are worth knowing and living with. I must admit, however, that the life is not so smooth flowing about the time of examinations and house parties.

The University has taken its share of the attack that large institutions can never give the human contacts of the smaller college. This, I feel, is unfair. Cornell, to us who are a part of her, is not a milling mall of 6000 students as she has been painted, but rather a number of separate groups each with its own interest. We are in contact, not with the students of Cornell as such, but with educated people of similar interests.

I doubt very much if you can name an activity in which you cannot find a fellow enthusiast in Ithaca. To illustrate this method of group association, let me run through a few examples. Better than 60 percent of the men live in fraternities so it is in these living and eating clubs that one makes his most intimate contacts. To be able to live for four years with boys from all over the country from all kinds of homes, gives the most valuable contacts and gives the most liberal education that I know of. Perhaps second stands the contacts made, in the class room and out, with the faculty members. Most of the faculty make it a point to entertain in their homes the outstanding students and give these students an opportunity to deal with the great minds of the campus.

Third among these contacts, I would rank the life-long friendships

made in extra-curricula and sport parts of the undergraduate life. Cornell offers a chance to compete in both interscholastic and intramural competition in football, track, crew, baseball, basketball, hockey, tennis, wrestling, lacrosse, soccer, fencing, rifle, polo, swimming, boxing, pistol and golf. Four publications, annual, a daily paper, a humor magazine and a journal of opinion as well as a number of professional magazines offer ample opportunity for the man or woman interested in either the business or editorial end of the publication business.

Social life should not be slighted in the list of human contacts at Cornell. I imagine most Cornellians of a few years standing will tell you that the man at Cornell will not speak to a co-ed for fear of loss of face. This feeling is rapidly dying, and I honestly believe that at the present time the Cornell co-eds—500 some strong—see as much social life as their sisters in any of our eastern institutions. The groups of co-eds here now have won over the male portion of the student body to accept them as a real part instead of a theoretical part of campus life. Numerous dances are held by both the fraternities and the college authorities so that there is no dearth of activities for those who are socially minded.

Before I leave the matter of contacts, I must digress a moment and make a notation about the 150 foreign students representing 36 countries who are now studying in the University. The contacts with these men is to me a greater lesson in history, geography, and international relations than can ever be learned from books. It is only the outstanding citizens of the various countries who study here and therefore one has an opportunity to be in contact with the most interesting and influential members of the younger groups of our friends across the sea.

To speak of Cornell's beautiful scenery, its cold weather or its snow drifts is foolish for they "must be seen to be appreciated."

Another great opportunity offered here is the great latitude allowed in choosing courses. In almost any line you can find an expert, attached to one of the colleges who is offering just the course you desire. These regular teachers, combined with the numerous non-resident lecturers offer the best in human knowledge.

As a center of intellectual endeavor and art, I doubt if Ithaca can be beaten by any town of its size. The best of symphony orchestras, concert artists, and dramatic productions come to the town for one or two concerts each year. Besides these the Cornell Dramatic Club, Cornell Music Clubs, and various organizations attached to the Ithaca College, add much to the wealth of culture.

In reading this over, I realize that the whole thing sounds like a sales talk for Cornell. I have not meant it to be. It has been merely my attempt to portray for you what Cornell means to me. The chance it offers to receive the best in either technical or esthetic education combined and ingrained with a chance to live a truly full life seems to sum up best the Cornell as I know it.

A Soothsayer

By Harry Razen

IN THIS twentieth century of ours, it will seem strange to the reader to hear that I have just returned from a visit to a soothsayer, a voodoo, a person who guarantees to cure anyone of disease, be it insanity or the D. T.'s. He says he accomplishes this with the aid of spirits (not alcoholic, of course). I heard of him from a neighbor of mine who seemed to be fascinated by his power to cure. It seems that this neighbor had visited him some weeks ago to be cured of a malady which, in the opinion of the soothsayer, was wished upon him twenty years ago. The malady, if I remember rightly, is eczema. At present, after five treatments, my neighbor insists it isn't itching as much as usual.

They say curiosity once killed a cat. I myself am not immune from curiosity. I began immediately to seek a fitting disease of which to be cured. After some hours of search, I found it on the shoulders of my blue serge suit. It was dandruff, of course, the disease which results in wall flowers at parties, or is it something else that has such effects? Nevertheless, I considered this as likely a disease as any of which to be cured. So, I immediately set me forth by the side of my neighbor to the home of the soothsayer, as we shall henceforth call him, until he is known by some number in the state's free hotels.

On our approach to his home, I noticed several dozen children playing about. Some were interested in their mudpuddles and others in throwing stones. I was given to understand by my neighbor that a great number of these children belonged to the soothsayer. I realized then and there that it must be rather wonderful in itself to remember all of their names. In one of the windows of the ramshackle house I could distinguish with some difficulty a sign reading "Massages". My neighbor explained to me that this sign was used to conceal his actual business from the authorities.

We rang the bell, and a moment later the door was opened by an enormous woman who seemed to be of Polish descent, and who ushered us silently into the living room. We were asked to sit; we did so. Let me pause here for just a moment to give a brief description of the room. The walls were bedecked with calendars, some small, some large, some square, some short, some long, some wide, some narrow, some pink, some blue, some yellow, some red, some of this year, some of that. Enough for the description of the room, for that is all it contained except the chairs upon which we sat. From different parts of the house, we could hear the various children howling and screeching.

While we waited for the soothsayer to appear, another man was ushered into the room. He was a tall, heavily built man with a red face and a cigar

in his mouth. My curiosity was instantly aroused. Why was he here? Was it pink tooth brush or wouldn't his best friend tell him? He didn't look as though he needed the aid of a soothsayer—his stolid bearing and heavy shoes rather brought to mind our local police force. However, here my conjectures were brought to an end by the opening of the inside door.

Enter, "the hero"; I mean the soothsayer. He was a short, wizened Syrian, dark skinned, except for his nose, which was a lovely shiny red. He had acquired this redness, I thought, from his spirits, evidence of which lay before me in the form of several empty bottles. Oh yes, I almost neglected to mention his mustache, or should I say beard? It was not unlike a beard.

He rushed up to my neighbor and cordially greeted him in Polish. (He couldn't speak English very well). Me he regarded intently for several moments and said, "Hello, Mr. Razen," to my great astonishment.

For the next ten minutes or so, we had an interesting conversation,—that is, he did the talking and we listened. He spoke of the weather, of his children, his wife (I gathered that the enormous woman who ushered us in was his wife) the price of beefsteak in Brazil and the Peruvian situation. Never, for an instant, did he mention the reason for our visit.

Then, in an instant, he shot at me, "You came to be cured of—of dandruff." I looked at him in horror. Was it that bad? I nodded, and he looked at me with an "I knew it" expression. He told me that before he could do anything for me he had to communicate with the spirits, and that I was to return in several days.

He then commenced to work on my neighbor's eczema. He rushed excitedly from the room, secured two pots, one filled with water, and the other with a greasy looking substance. These he placed side by side. He then ordered my neighbor to rise and close his eyes; he did so. What followed is difficult to describe, but the following is the best account I am able to give of what occurred:

Slowly he began moving his arms about and at the same time reciting in an unfamiliar language, probably Syrian. Gradually he raised his voice and moved his arms more and more wildly until he shook like a leaf. To a person who was not familiar with what he was doing, this would seem like an exhibition of St. Vitus Dance. Cold perspiration began streaming down his face. He seemed to be fighting something (the devil, I learned later). He pulled his hair, tore his clothes, shrieked and fairly foamed at the mouth. Frightened, I brought him a glass of water, but he did not heed me and resumed his shaking and shouting. After a time he commenced passing his arms over my neighbor's head as though he were drawing something from it (eczema, most likely). For several moments he continued this and then fell exhausted to the floor. In a while he arose, took the pot of water, and poured it over the grease. What resulted was a maze of lines. He called our attention to these.

"Here", he said, "is the picture of the person who wished upon you your eczema". I looked, but was unable to make anything of it. However, to make him feel better, I told him I could make it out.

"You will be cured within three days," he said in broken English. "The fee is five dollars," he said in very good English. This my neighbor paid cheerfully, for his eczema itched much better. He then turned to me asking, "How many children have you in your family?"

"Four," I answered.

"That's right," he said, knowingly.

We turned to leave the room but to our surprise found the door blocked by the other customer—the man with the cigar in his mouth. One hand was displaying a police badge pinned on his vest under his coat. "The game's up, 'Screw Louie'. You're under arrest. Come on! Let's go." The soothsayer, with a jaunty air, excused himself to us, and left the house in the custody of the officer.

So, as I hope you have gathered from the foregoing narrative, even now, in the twentieth century, there are soothsayers and persons who believe in their powers, even though as in this case, the soothsayer's powers couldn't help even himself.

Lament of the Lonely Girl

I'm not so very homely
 (I could be worse, you know),
And yet, although I've tried and tried,
 I cannot get a beau.
Now, I have tried all kinds of ways,
 All tricks, all wiles, all schemes,
But still, the more and more I try,
 The worse I get, it seems.
I tried to be a vampire bold,
 The Theda Bara kind,
And though I acted just like her,
 A beau I could not find.
I thought if I were good and shy,
 Someone I'd surely win,
And though I was demure and sweet,
 I captured not a "him".
But, oh, of course, I do not mind!
 I really do not care.
I always cared for prim old maids.
 I just hate boys—so there!

—*Evelyn Champin*

Autumn Haze

A lazy smoke that rises
Serenely in the cold,
From autumn woodlands blazing
In flames of red and gold.
Across the pearly distance
It lies on hill and stream,
In banks of airy lightness
As softly as a dream.

—Morton Rochelle

The Willows and The Brook

Tall, graceful willows,
Weeping willows—lost in reverie,
Like beautiful ladies arrayed in pastel chiffon,
Dreaming by the water's edge,
Gently crooning mellow ballads
To the quickening tempo of the welling brook,
That laughs and flees before the wrapt dreamers,
Leaving them to dream on.

—Evelyn Kelly

Stinson Lake

Reveille from the nearby camps
Greets the early morning.
And the vapor rises from the lake,
As the brilliant day dawns.
The clear, blue waters
Reflect the azure sky.
The rifting clouds shadow the wooded hills.
Bright canoes and rowboats drift,
And the fishers cast their lines.
The shouts of swimming children
Mingle with the songsters in the pines.
Tiny waves gently lap the sands,
Still evening cloaks the hills,
Campfires gleam along the shore.
From a distance comes the close of day—
Taps!

—Margaret Wright

Fire at Sea

Moonless night,
Roaring, whipping wind,
Turbulent, waters;
An indistinct, red glow,
A sudden burst of flame,
Then screaming, half-dressed figures
Rushing, pushing, swarming madly.
Writhing, twisting metal,
Bodies hurtling from an inferno
To the icy, yawning waters.
Chaos!

—*Helen Snyder*

Autumn

The fruits in the orchards have ripened,
And harvest time is here;
The pumpkins, gold and yellow,
Are gathered in with cheer.
The autumn winds are blowing,
The leaves are turning fast.
There's red and orange and yellow;
Summer is in the past.

—*Marion Young*

Book Dreams

There's a bent old man in a great, cold room,
He works there in sunlight and evening gloom.
The books around him hide the floor,
Pile after pile from window to door.
He opens each one like an ancient sage,
Then pores them over page by page.
What he reads or looks for nobody knows,
But still the stack before him grows.
He closes each one with a jaunty flip,
Yet his face is solemn and seems to say
That the things he's seen on many a trip
To wierd-named places before today,
And the things he's done, and the people far
Still live through the years where the mem'ry folk are
Then his fine old head, white as snow, and as clean,
Nods, and the dark evening silence is marred
By one lonely snore,
Which rattles the panes in the window and door,
And the sound of a book as it slips to the floor.

—*By Hal Reid*

The Way to School

By Emma Malloy

I AWOKE this morning fifteen minutes late. Of necessity, my time for dressing was limited to two and one-half minutes, and so my hair had to be piled up helter-skelter into some sort of knot, with no particular attention to neatness.

My breakfast was hastily jammed into my mouth and washed down with a cup of too-hot coffee. Result: a scorched tongue and a complaining stomach. I said things.

I was still chewing when I raced madly out the house, with my coat flying and my hat clutched in my hand—my bare hand, because I had had no time to put on my gloves.

I stepped into a mud puddle, dropped my books half a dozen times before I reached the corner, and piled, breathless and with little dignity, into a bus, which was just about to depart unceremoniously without me.

I glared at the bus driver, at my school mates, and at the drizzling rain, completely out of sorts and completely disgusted with the entire world. So I stood, my hat still in one hand, and my scarf trailing in the other, filled with bitterness, and a little ashamed of my feelings.

The bus, jammed to its capacity, rumbled along, lurching drunkenly now and then, throwing the occupants all over each other. Hats were stepped on by wet, muddy feet, and dripping umbrellas deposited their wet contents down my stockings. Lunches became wet and soggy.

At each stop, above the pandemonium of fifty or sixty voices, was heard the bellow of the driver, asking the students to "please step to the rear of the bus," assuring us that there was plenty of room, and disregarding the fact that the last student in the back of the car was jammed practically through the rear window.

Before we emerged from the bus, everyone was a sorry looking sight. My hat was precariously tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees over my left ear. The elbows of the person in front of me protruded grotesquely from his body. And incidently, that elbow dug painfully into my sixth rib. Unable to see what I was doing, I stepped on something. By the horrified shriek that followed, I knew I had ruined someone's beautiful shoe-shine. I mumbled an apology.

The dark day had made me get up late, the drizzling rain had made me blue, and my wet feet had made me miserable. Oh, why did it have to rain?

Things went from bad to worse. At intervals, I gazed wearily out of the windows at the dripping out-doors. I looked at the streets, and uncon-

sciously began to hum, "Where the Muddy Mississippi Waters Flow." My teacher scolded me. And so it went, on and on.

At last, the end of a miserable day. It had stopped raining, I noticed. I decided to walk home.

It was rather nice out. Everything seemed so clean and washed. The skies were clearing—and out came the sun! It was reflected in the puddles, in the windows, on the dripping trees and grass—and it was reflected in my heart. A fresh breeze was clearing the air. It was great to be alive! I decided to walk a little faster. It felt good to walk fast and breathe the cool, clean air. Besides, I thought, "There'll be apple pie for supper!"

The Carnival

Yesterday, a desolate, weedy, forsaken spot;
Today, a travelling carnival.
A deceptive city of joy created through the night—
Of music, crowds, noise, and barkers,
Hawkers, boys, girls, women,
Whips, merry-go-rounds,
All sparkling with bought, make-believe fun.
The shouting of coarse masculine voices
Clashing with the crude brawling of women;
Painted dolls, newly bought masks,
False laughter—pretending;
Whirling thru air midst glittering lights:
A turmoil of people!
Tomorrow, the remnants of bacchanalian fun.

—*Frances Rosen*

The Choir: Old Russia

Mellow voices—
They sing so patiently, and slowly
As the creeping of the tide.
Voices of emotions that lie unused, untried.
Voices of men whose souls are repressed,
Voices of women who know not affection,
They brood, and they muse of life unrestrained,
Yet they know only strife and dejection.
Mellow voices—
One knows this philosophic legato
Cannot last—
Must end with a sudden clash!

—*William Nibbling*

An Alpine Adventure

By PAUL COCUZZA

SAN VITO is a little Italian town situated in a cove formed by the Gruppo Mountains.

On the outskirts of the town, just by the entrance to the mountain cove, there stands a dilapidated tavern which is surrounded by a thick mass of green shrubbery. This desolate dwelling, once a rendezvous for the mountain climbers who travelled to that part of the picturesque Alps, is owned by Giovanni Floriani, a sturdy Italian mountaineer.

The building is now shunned by travellers who are acquainted with its history. It seems that this inn is supposedly haunted by the restless ghost of a woman who was mysteriously killed there, with her husband, the curator of an Italian zoo.

Since that unfortunate incident, four tourists have died in the same room the woman and her husband occupied. All of the victims were evidently under a great fright, for their faces registered a mixed emotion of horror and surprise. Upon their foreheads there was a red smudge, but their death was not attributed to this. The doctors who examined the dead concluded that their death was caused by fright.

Giovanni Floriani and his youthful nephew, Luigi Santo, were the only persons occupying the inn. They had tried in vain to find out the mystery of the haunted chamber, but no matter how hard they tried, their plans always met with bitter failure. Many of their friends had advised them to leave the cursed house, but Giovanni was not to be daunted by mere superstition. He kept on managing the inn with disastrous results to his business, for few dared to occupy the rooms.

It was on a dull, dark, and dreary day in early autumn, that a carriage, hauled by two husky horses, rolled tediously along the rocky road which led to the cove that harbored the small mountain hamlet. As the vehicle sallied forth into the dismal area which existed beyond the narrow pass that led to San Vito, its driver puffed leisurely on a cigarette while he lazily viewed the section through which his carriage was proceeding.

As the shades of evening drew on, the carriage hovered within view of the Alpine Inn. Giovanni and Luigi were seated in front of their tavern smoking their supper pipes. Giovanni, who was idly scanning the horizon, was the first to notice the carriage. He jumped to his feet with remarkable celerity, despite his age.

"Look, Luigi!" the old man exclaimed. "Here comes a coach!"

Luigi looked. "I wonder what it's doing around here at this time of the day."

Giovanni knitted his brows and said, 'I don't know, but if it's a stranger and he wants to stop here for the night, we'll let him have the haunted room to sleep in. Then we can remain awake all night and see what kills the persons in that room.'

Luigi frowned. "But, uncle, don't you think that you would be risking the man's life?"

"There's nothing to worry about, Luigi," the old man asserted. "If there is something in there, we're going to kill it to-night, before it kills him."

Meanwhile, the carriage had been approaching the tavern. It finally rolled to a stop beside the entrance, as a tall and well-built man emerged from the driver's seat and sauntered to Giovanni's side.

Good evening, sir," the driver said politely. "Do you happen to have a room that I can hire for the night?"

"Why, yes," responded Giovanni. "Drive your carriage into our stable and rest your horses. I'll get some supper for you."

"Thanks," the stranger replied courteously. "My name is Teddy Maguire, and I am an American zoologist."

"Zoologist?" echoed Giovanni. "What is that?"

Teddy grinned. "Oh, that's a person who looks after different animals."

With that, Teddy prepared to settle his horses and carriage for the night. After he had placed his carriage in the barn and had fed the horses, the youthful American stepped into the inn and ate a hearty supper which was cooked by Giovanni. Upon finishing his repast, Teddy took from beside his chair a small valise which had many holes perforated in its surfaces.

"What is that?" Giovanni asked.

"I have some specimens of white rats," Teddy answered placidly. "You see, I'm conducting an experiment."

He put his hand into the interior of the valise and pulled out five furry rats, one by one. Each animal had a tag on it and was obviously labeled in order that the experiment could be easily carried out. While Teddy was feeding the rats, Giovanni and Luigi looked on with awe.

At length, Teddy finished feeding the rats and placed them back into the valise. Then he pulled out a case from his pocket and extracted a cigarette which he promptly lit.

"If I'm not being too curious," asked Luigi, "will you tell me what you are doing in Italy?"

"I'm looking for some rare species of small animals that exist in this area," answered Teddy as he inhaled the smoke from his cigarette.

After that, the men talked on topics of general interest until the clock solemnly chimed eleven. Then Giovanni arose and said that he was going to bed, and if the young American would follow him, he would lead him to his room.

Accordingly, Teddy took his two valises and followed the old man and his nephew through a narrow, twisting corridor. The supposedly haunted chamber was in one wing of the building. It was a spacious and gloomy enclosure which was furnished with a small bed, a number of old-fashioned pieces, and a large commode. In the center of the floor, there was a small square grating, part of the drainage system.

After his hosts had retired, Ted drew a large claw-footed chair before his bed, and upon removing the thick coat of dust which had accumulated

from the room's disuse, he sat down upon it and began to prepare for bed. As soon as he had slipped on his pajamas, Teddy opened the valise that held his personal belongings and took out his Colt 45 automatic and flashlight, because of force of habit he had cultivated during his travels in remote and semi-civilized lands.

Before slipping beneath the warm covers of his bed, he opened the valise which contained the rats, and allowed the animals to run aimlessly around the floor. Teddy chuckled as the animals scampered here and there in their outburst of freedom from the confines of the valise. Soon the small creatures, apparently tired from their exercising, nestled comfortably on a rug beside the bed.

Ted pulled the covers over himself as he took the candle from the commode, and blew it out. It didn't take him long to doze off, for the tedious trip had tired him considerably. The young zoologist had been asleep about an hour when he was awakened from a dreamless slumber by a squealing that penetrated the stillness of the tavern.

Immediately, Ted took his flash-light and directed it at the sound of the noise. In the path of the beam, Ted saw a three-foot snake slowly emerging from the grating in the center of the room. Ted grabbed his automatic and aimed the barrel of the gun at the head of the reptile, which was approaching the white rats. He pulled the trigger and a red flame emerged from the muzzle as the pistol cracked several times. The snake's head flew off his body, which writhed in agony. This was what the rats had been waiting for. In a moment, the squealing creatures surrounded the reptile's body to complete the job of destruction.

Ted heard the scuffling of feet from the corridor outside of his room. The door opened, and Giovanni and Luigi entered with double-barrel guns in their hands.

"Signor Maguire!" Giovanni exclaimed as he rushed to Ted's side. "Are you all right? Did you see the ghost?"

"Ghost?" Ted repeated, incredulously. "I didn't see a ghost, but there are the remains of the 'Alpine Adder' on the floor. It's a very poisonous snake that kills with hardly a trace where it administers the poison. It leaves only a red smudge."

"Red smudge?" echoed Luigi. "My God, then it was this snake that killed the other four persons, Uncle."

One revelation followed another, and in a short while Teddy Maguire, with the help of the two Italians, had solved the mystery of the haunted chamber. It seems that the curator of the Italian museum had had a young Alpine adder, and when he lodged in the tavern it had escaped from him. This small, but very dangerous reptile had made its home in the cavity beneath the grating. At night it would crawl to the bed where the lodgers were peacefully sleeping and then strike its death blow.

Ted explained the reason for the corpses' faces bearing the expression of horror and pain. He said that the snake's bite was very painful. Being a zoologist, Ted was naturally interested in the rare snake; so he took what skin was left and framed it. The white rat experiment failed, because the

creatures were frightened by the snake. Nevertheless, Ted was more than satisfied, for his white rats had saved his life and had made the Alpine Inn a safe place for future tired travellers.

SKY

I can see a
Patch of blue sky
From my window.
True, it's crossed
With a myriad of
Wires that make it
Into queer, geometric
Designs.
Brick walls almost
Hide it from me;
But it defies them
To blot it out,
Shut it away.
It is very brave,
My patch of blue.

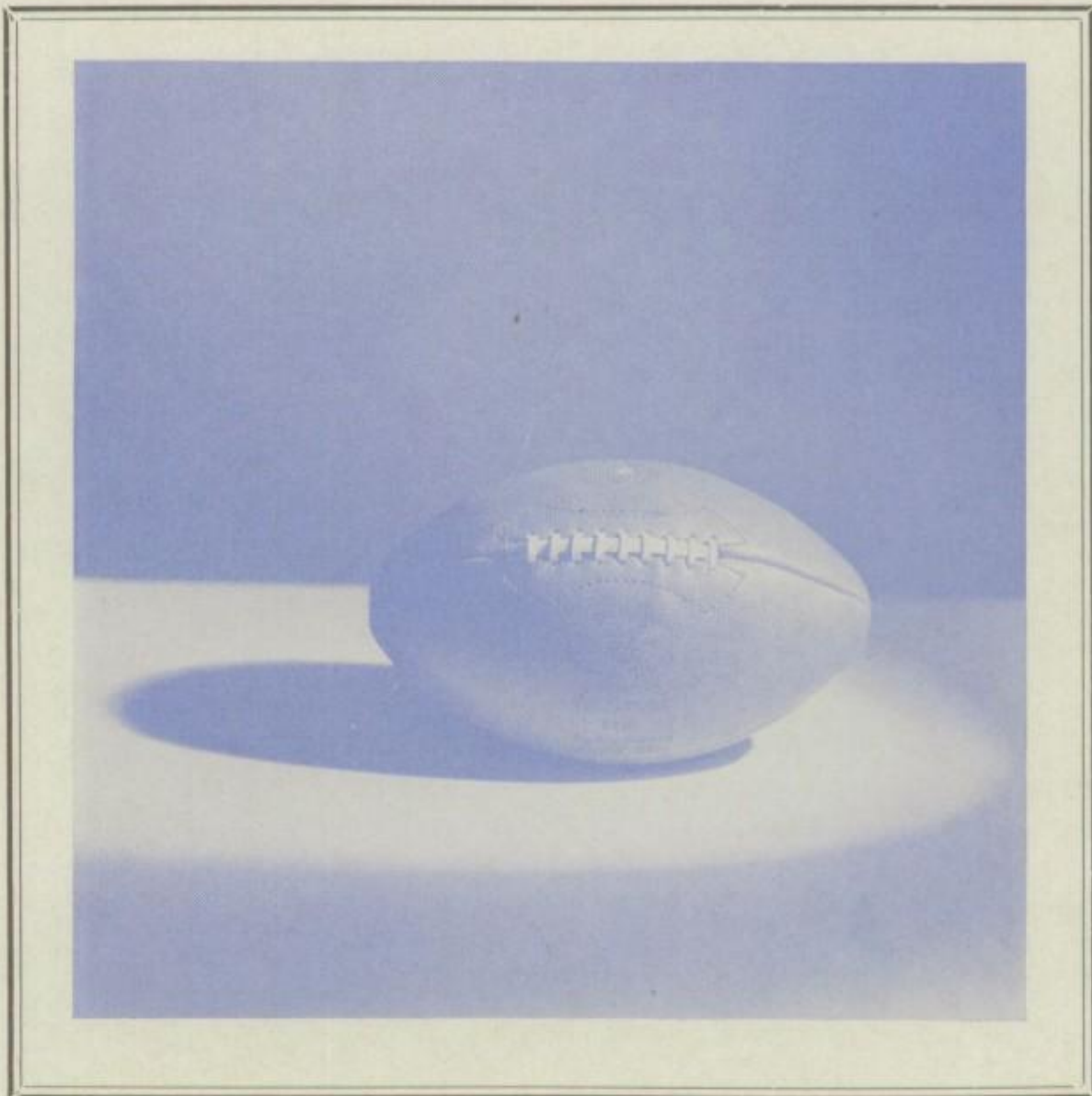
Emma Malloy

The Old Mill

And the old mill wheel hangs silent,
The miller is gone, like the waters
That ran their course to the ocean,
With its memories of "used to be;"
But in fancy I hear the beat
Of its clattering, rhythmic strain,
When it turned in the days of its glory,
To the song of the wheat and corn.

—Mildred Paprocki

Sports



Football

By Henry Croland

WHEN this season began, football enthusiasts began to discuss the season's prospects. They were confronted with the question, "Have we a good team?" If we desire to judge our "good team" by its victories, we are inclined to state that we had a very poor team. But, on the other hand, if we judge the team by its ability to "take it" and learn, we say then that our football season was a huge success.

To have a victorious season, a team must be well built. It must be an experienced group who are on their toes throughout the game. Our team possessed none of these qualifications. They were light, inexperienced and bewildered.

No blame can be placed on Coach Donnelly, for as a Coach, he taught the youngsters the fundamentals of the game. He taught them intricate plays. But did we see these assorted plays? The Coach teaches, and the team practices. It is no fault of the Coach if the team does everything but carry out his orders. We do not, by any means, wish to belittle our team; they did their best, but they were light, and they were green.

In Clifton, as elsewhere, we plan for a victorious team. Why can we not produce one?

We have a light team. Granted. But among us there are many husky ones. Why don't these boys come out for the team? After all, the team represents our school. What the team does reflects on us and our institution.

One year we seem to have a good team and the next season we find a complete overhauling necessary. Can't we build up Freshmen teams into Varsity calibre, so that this condition will not exist? If we could arrange such a plan, we would enjoy better teams, year in and year out.

Precedent has it that the Reflector compliments the team. On this matter we take a new outlook, although criticized we may be. Clifton High rooters are loyal. They demand better teams. They will get them.

Clifton has won games with Orange and Dover. We have lost, however, to Passaic, Phillipsburg, Eastside, Thomas Jefferson, Union Hill, Central, Lyndhurst, and Ridgewood. Can it be the teams we play are too strong and too big for us?

The team, though, through all this, presents much talent for the ensuing year. In Noonburg, we have the making of a great back. He surely was a surprise to us. We wonder why he was not given the ball often. In Wantik and Zanetti, we have great linesmen. Zanetti has the finesse and polish of a great player. Next we have Lennon, the repetition of his versatile brother, Jack. He's out for most sports; so is Zanetti. Frank, in a year, should prove a finished passer and kicker.

Those four players are a wealth of material for Coach Donnelly to juggle around. May he juggle them properly!

As a player and leader Captain Al Dunn deserves our respects. He

showed a great deal of grit in coming out to play in the Central game, for he had internal injuries.

Those who constitute the remainder of the squad are: White, Temple, De Lotto, De Mattia, Dallamura, Reid, Hasselberger, Teare, Knipple, Lugos, Triola, Davidowitz, Teller, MacAllister, Moller, Doherty, Slothus, and Meneghin.

Well, at any rate, next season is the "other year" in our off-season playing. Perhaps we can regain our Passaic County Football Championship.

To you, Passaic, we offer congratulations on your County Championship. You were just the better group.

Football Weather

By Hal Reid

When the green verdure of summer
To Autumn's color is changed,
When the ripened grain is waving
O'er the pumpkins, disarranged,
When the promise of the harvest
Is apparent everywhere,
Then it's time for goals and touchdowns:
Football fever's in the air.

Cross-Country

By Henry Croland

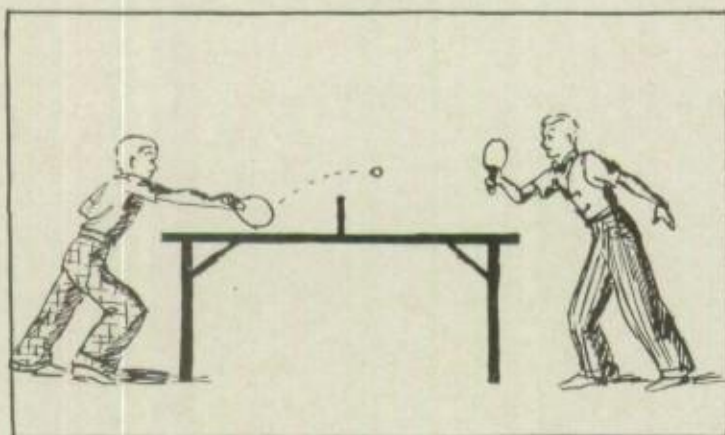
TO BUILD up the agility necessary for the winning athlete, the track team was inaugurated. A subsidiary of our track team evolves into the cross-country squad.

Through balanced outdoor exercise with the squad, an athlete acquires a mature, sound body, for one can readily see, great benefits are accumulated from the air and the sun. Therefore, may we appeal to our coaches to insist that every athlete be out for the Cross-Country Squad to build up his physique? Perhaps if this were done, there would be fewer injuries in our games, and we might introduce on our fields of contest boys who will comprise a better team.

A Cross-Country Squad is new to our school.

The coaches, Claxton and Bednarcik, have accomplished a great job; they have engineered a competitive program with other schools. Becker is

the captain of the squad. Those who initiated and rounded out the team are: Hughes, Weigh, Rubin, Wentz, Sodar, Mioducki, and Rabkin.



Ping Pong

IT Is a most strenuous and nerve-wracking exercise, this Ping Pong! Through it, though, we derive a great deal of enjoyment and incidentally, prepare ourselves for a more successful Tennis season. The eye becomes truer and the hand more dexterous. It is only natural, therefore, to suppose that when warm weather sets in, devotees of the game of Ping Pong will be much improved Tennis players.

Much enthusiasm is shown by the pupils of the school. From this group a capable team can easily be developed to represent Clifton High School against other schools.

Couldn't a coach be acquired from amongst the gym teachers?

If everything keeps going wrong
And lessons make you blue,
Remember great, big, oak trees grow
From little nuts like you.

Seen and Heard

When a certain Senior in the cafeteria started to drink his soda, three couples got up to dance.

Influenced by this Vocational Guidance craze, I have taken it upon myself to guide the following pupils into their professions:

Hal Reid—posing for pictures of dead statesmen.

Marvin Eberling—drawing back views of motor-boats.

Jack Hughes—drawing back views of sprinters.

Jimmy McAlister—colonel from Kentucky.

Lee Leverton—screaming for railroad crossings.

Mildred Angel—mind reading while you wait.

Anita Mengotto—tripping the light fantastic.

Adele Strogen—still helping the gym teachers.

Val Tomayko—blushing.

Russell Planck—high pressure salesmanship.

Bud Slothus—ushering in a local theater.

Love

We always quarrel, you and I,
But I can't see the reason why.
It isn't that we really fight;
We just don't see things as we might.
Somehow, we just can't agree;
We bicker and argue constantly.
Like two prize fighters on the mat,
We give our punches, swat for smack.
First, I'm right, and then you're wrong.
'Till one of us must ring the gong,
And say the scrap is over now—
Until we have another row.
I like this thing, you like that.
I hate your collar, you hate my hat.
So I always wonder, wonder why
We're always together, you and I.

—Emma Malloy

Her Choice

He must be a he-man;
A cave-man, no less.
He must be a shiek
In immaculate dress.
He must have a Packard,
Plus plenty of dough.
'Tis he—no one else
You will have for your beau.
The traits he must have
Are found in few males.
Get going and grab him
Ere your method fails.
Then hurry and fall into
Line, now, my dear.
There are hundreds just like you;
As foolish, I fear.

—Violet Abele

From the Ease of the Editor's Chair

HERE has been considerable agitation lately for the acquisition of an amplification system for the auditorium. A goodly sum has been collected for its purchase already, but more is needed. Since the students of the High School will benefit the most by the installation of this system, it seems to us that more should be done by the students to help earn the required funds. True, Clifton Night was held for this purpose, but, even so, it is not enough.

Suppose some school organizations hold dances, the net profit to be turned over to the proper people for the benefit of this cause. The fact that the sum realized would be appreciated is unquestionable.

Then, too, we are in dire need of a set of presentable backdrops for the stage. Ordinary curtains are as good as anything, for they will serve appropriately on any occasion. Are they so frightfully expensive that we must sit during every assembly and stare at the unsightly back of the stage? Their absence was never more woefully apparent than in the picture of the skit held in the Thanksgiving assembly, that is shown in this magazine. Perhaps a few benefit dances here would also be a help.

Speaking of dances, why can't we have more? There are high schools where three proms—one Junior and two Senior—are given, as well as many other ordinary dances.

Clifton High dances are few and far between, and we can see no reason why they should be. We maintain that there should be one a month. They don't have to be elaborate. All that is necessary is a good orchestra and a well-prepared floor. Decorations are always superfluous, anyway.

As an aid to these dances we suggest that pamphlets containing information regarding such matters as "cutting in" be distributed among students—or at least among certain groups of students. (Emily Post is the best authority!)

There are many other things that are needed in school, but we feel that the realization of these will make school life both more interesting and more agreeable.

Athletic Letters

THE word goes around in athletic circles that in the future, letters are to be awarded only to men who have served on Varsity teams. The idea behind the new ordinance is that the letters do not mean enough, since C's of some description are awarded to the second teams as well as to the Varsity.

Departing from precedence, we wish to state opinions contrary to those of the "powers that be". We feel that athletics are intended for the numerically great majority, not for the especially able but numerically insignificant minority. But in accordance with the new policy, only this especially able minority will receive the recognition of the school for their work in athletics. Those willing people who tried but failed to make the first team will, figuratively, be left out in the cold. Is this new ruling meant to act as greater encouragement for the majority of students who are unable to make first teams?

We believe that the greatest honors in athletics should be bestowed upon the Varsity, but we maintain that the lower teams should receive some sort of recognition by which they might be known as those who at least "also ran".

The Girl's Athletic Association

THE G. A. A., along with other organizations, is facing many difficulties due to the two-session day. The girls have not given up hope of establishing a fuller program of activity before the year is over, but at present are so greatly hampered by insufficient time and space that their athletic program has dwindled to practically nothing.

Last year the G. A. A. had one of the most active programs of sports in this vicinity. The sport schedule which they have followed in the past, consisted of a large number of activities such as basketball, captain ball, tumbling, leaders' class, baseball, volley ball, soccer, tennis, elementary and advanced social dancing, swimming, archery, handball, and many kinds of individual games. These activities furnished wholesome recreation for the girls during their leisure time. With a program like this every girl could find at least one activity in which she would be interested. The girls were getting along splendidly; their enthusiasm had been aroused, and they were learning to enjoy themselves in a healthful way. A program like this is essential for a high school.

This part-time session has made a decided contrast between last year's activities and those of this year. The only available sports this semester are basketball and archery.

Basketball is sponsored every Tuesday in School No. 3. The girls have improved their ability in this activity under the direction of the instructor, managers, and captains.

Archery has progressed greatly this term. Vast improvement has been noticed in both the form and skill with which the archers perform—their targets being well peppered with arrow holes, bearing witness at least to their skill.

The girls had, as a result of the past program, equipment, trained leaders, skill and interest. Having obtained all this, they thought they were riding on "easy street." Then came the crash! Their stocks went down. No space was available. All their grand ambitions, which took approximately four years—a high school lifetime—to build up, vanished. Most of their equipment lies around idle, but they still feel that prosperity is not far off, and they are trying to think of some way to overcome the difficulties which handicap them, so that they may continue the program they have followed in the past.

"Tommie"

Tommie is small and blithe and gay:

She got her name from being that way.

She's witty, bright, yet studious too:

She whistles a song the whole day through.

She's always ready and waiting to go;

Nothing can stop her—wind, rain or snow.

Tommie is jolly and friendly to all:

Nothing's too great or nothing's too small.

She makes many pleasant friendships, too;

And I'm sure that she'd be a good friend to you.

—*Marion Ludwig*

The Call of the Sea

The skies are bluer than larkspur;

The beach spreads a smooth carpet,

Like the unwinding of some silken sheath.

While high above, the gray cliffs,

Stand like sentinels to warn the ships away.

The sea gulls float, graceful and free.

They seek to steal a bit of the sky,

Defying the very winds.

Waves break with a roar, booming!

"Come, Come to the sea."

Someday I shall answer that call.

I shall leave and forget,

Go where there shall be,

Just blue skies, waves, the sea, and me.

—*Mary Richards*

Activities

Hand Hageman



The Honor Society

THE faculty and the sponsor of the Honor Society were very pleased with the showing made by the students this year in meriting their bronze and silver pins. Over sixty honor students, the largest number in the school's history to receive their pins at one time, were admitted into the Honor Society this term. A Christmas initiation party proved very successful. Jacob Ruiter presided. The initiations, which were in charge of Lee Galinak and Olga Bolenski, were probably the best in a good many years. The whole room had a rather spooky effect, the candidates wearing paper bags in which were cut the eyes, nose, and mouth. On the other hand, the Christmas atmosphere was represented by a little Christmas tree beautifully decorated, and the wearing of red and green bows by the candidates. Everyone, including those initiated, had a fine time.

Wouldn't everyone of you, when it comes down to plain facts, like to think you had attained success in your school work? It really doesn't take much to be eligible for membership. All that is needed is the ambition of a wide awake boy or girl to attain an average of eighty. By the way, being able to say you were a member of the Honor Society in high school may get you a long way in obtaining a position these days. If you intend to enter college after you have completed your high school career, your membership in the society will help you to be among the accepted, when the dreaded entrance exams have been finished. Another thing, Miss Smith very willingly gives her help to enable you to make the grade necessary for entrance by her advice concerning the studies and outside reading you should follow. Why not try to make the grade?

Regina Conklin

The Hi-Y Club

GRADUATION is the great enemy of all school organizations. It seems that a club just gets past the green stage of a new term and all the business of getting started, when graduation comes along and those remaining members of a club have to build practically a new organization.

Thus it was with the present Hi-Y Club. Besides the officers, there were exactly six members left after the June graduation had taken its toll. The size of the membership and the variety and quality of the programs arranged proves that this was done efficiently. To these fell the work of completely reorganizing the club. So far this term, the program has included trips to Lafayette, Princeton and Columbia, as well as various social affairs. The club, as usual, distributed baskets of food to the needy at Thanksgiving, and at the present time is arranging a party for the benefit of the under privileged children of our city. The officers of the club are: Winfield Adam, president; Gordon Smith, vice president; and Jack Hughes, secretary-treasurer.

—Jack Hughes

[illegible]

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THANKSGIVING-ASSEMBLY



H. Y. CLUB



GERMAN CLUB



全宋文卷一百一十五



1020-0000

Our Own Daniel Websters • The Debate Club

THE fortunes of this club have been flourishing this term under the leadership of Russell Planck, the president; Evelyn Engelbrecht, the vice president; Lucille Speer, the secretary; and William Kulick, the treasurer. Mr. Richards and Mrs. Bloore are the sponsors. Our future statesmen have made much progress in the few months since September. They have sponsored a completely successful luncheon. They have held numerous debates among themselves and are now planning several interscholastic debates. The subjects are such as concern every student of the school who is interested in his community, state, and nation. There is no doubt that this is a good source of preliminary training for anyone who intends following a field where public speaking is necessary. And this training is beneficial to everybody—no matter what line of work he intends to follow.

—Jack Hughes

The Footlights Club

UNDER the direction of its sponsors, the Misses De Vries and Dolson, and its officers (Goldie Rosenfeldt, president; June Knapp, vice president; Rose Marie Youngstown, secretary; and Theodora Barclay, treasurer), the dramatic society of our school is progressing rapidly.

The fine attendance at the Halloween party indicated that the previous membership drive had been a success. The future stars of Broadway and Hollywood enjoyed some good dramatic exhibitions as well as huge quantities of coffee and cake.

In spite of the drive and the fact that there must be more handsome fellows in school who have dramatic aspirations, the entire masculine membership reaches a sum total of six. Surely there are numerous quantities of fellows in school who hope some day to thrill the hearts of matinee goers. If so, here is their chance to take a step in the right direction.

—Jack Hughes

The German Club vs The New Schedule

OUR present German Club is a shining example of what the double session can do to a flourishing school organization. Formerly one of the outstanding clubs in the school, it has now dwindled away, crippled in its activities by the double session. This term the German students haven't time on the new schedule for the activity that would probably help them most on their way towards the speaking of this language. This condition, according to Miss Hoffmeister and Mrs. Anderegg, the sponsors, is deplorable, but what can be done about it? All helpful suggestions would be greatly appreciated. It is said that there is a plan afoot, however, to revive this almost extinct organization. Let us hope the plan becomes an actuality.

—Jack Hughes



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



GIRL RESERVES



G-A-A



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Radio Club

....C....Q...W.....2...G...V...D....C....Q

THIS is a call that often issues forth from room 307-A, more commonly known as "The Radio Shack." There is always something going on in the radio room, from which interesting contacts have been made. If all goes well, many more contacts will be made from there in the future.

When the school session opened in September, the club was, financially speaking, in a very poor state of affairs. But, due to the excellent cooperation on the part of the members, the club is prospering and is now out of the red.

The Radio Shack boasts a good receiver, a monitor, a code practice outfit, and a good C. W. (code) transmitter. All that we lack at present is a good speaker, but we'll have that soon. We hope also, to have a crystal controlled outfit, along with a 5-meter transceiver.

At present we have 2 licensed operators, W2HDM (John Prokopik) and W2HDD (Herman Adams) working the transmitter on 40-meter C. W. Many of the other members are studying the technical points of the radio game and hope to get their "tickets" (Operator's License) in the near future.

We welcome anyone interested in the radio game to one of our regular meetings, which are held in Room 307 during the eighth and ninth periods every Tuesday. Our president is John Prokopik and our secretary is Edward Mack.

The club is very grateful to its sponser, Mr. J. Rosenfeld, and to our principal, Mr. W. Nutt, for all the help they have given us, financially and otherwise.

And now I think I'll say, "88 YL's and 73 OM. gud nite. This is official gab station J. V. H., operating at the key-hole by permission of the Clifton High School Radio Club, signing off. GB."

—John Van Houten

Senior 4-1 Class Activities

EARLY in the term the class elected its officers. Billy Dorrel was chosen president; Emberton Holmes, vice president; Morton Rochelle, secretary; and Erich Stier, treasurer.

For its "Football Hop," the class decorated the gymnasium with maroon and grey streamers from which many realistic footballs hung. The scheme was carried out even to the goal posts. If the decorations were a success, so were the refreshments, contributing materially to the highly enjoyable evening.

The Senior Class presented the Thirteenth Chair on the fourteenth of December. Gertrude Bush had the part of Helen O'Neill and Emberton Holmes the part of Will Crosby, the leading parts in the play. Other members of the cast included Marion Young, Jacob Weiss, June Knapp, Rosanna Moller, Wesley Edgar, Billy Dorrel, Jack Hughes, Peggy Wright, Irene Messaros, Arthur Pontier, Marie Quinn, Eric Stier, Morton Rochelle, and Vincent Procopio.

—Regina Conklin



-CHORUS-



FRESHMAN-CHORUS



- SENIOR PLAY -

DEBATING CLUB



-ORCHESTRA-



Still No Band

AS THE way of all sports, the Football season has come and gone. But where is our much talked of band?

At the conclusion of the preceding season, a band was apparently inevitable. In our case, the inevitable did not occur. Why? Are there not enough of us to form a band?

We long for the kick-offs, the fighting teams, the cheering multitudes—but without the martial aid of a band, the game seems flat. We need its cheerful blare to cultivate a fighting school spirit. Let's have a band for next year!

For now, here's offering our thanks to that small body of boys, the Cadets, who played so splendidly at our Central game.

—*Henry Croland*

The Girl Reserves

AN IMPOSING list of officers: sponsor, Mrs. Eversfield; president, Ann Mihalovich; first vice president, Ruth Kroll; second vice president, Betty Leverton; secretary, Dorothy Case; and treasurer, Mary Lee Leverton; guides the fortunes of this flourishing school organization. After an extensive membership campaign, the enrollment of the club was increased by 26 new members. Plans have been made through the Christmas season. Thanksgiving baskets were made up and distributed to needy families in Clifton. In addition to this, the girls packed and distributed with the Hi-Y all food donated in the high school. Toys were repainted, and new ones made for distribution in the wards of Passaic County hospitals. In the near future a card party will be held. The proceeds will go toward buying a badly-needed amplifying system for the high school. Altogether a busy year is anticipated.

—*Jack Hughes*

A Word to Two-Year Commercial

YOUR course is a very worthy one in our school. It serves as a real aid to the student who desires a business career.

We have made many a dear friend from those among the two-year graduating class. Some were jolly, studious, considerate, hopeful, and others were just the contrary. But no matter; we shall miss them all.

We would like to see them stay with us a time longer,—so much we are desirous of their companionship.

On their ship at sea may they sail smoothly.

—*Henry Croland*



IN A BEAUTY PARLOR

Blondes, redheads and brunettes,
Gracefully smoking cigarettes,
Polished nails and curly hair,
Hairpins scattered here and there.
Ladies hidden by the screens,
Patiently reading magazines.
Sweet perfumes upon the air,
Flashes of color here and there.
Relaxing on lustrous furniture,
Women await their manicure,
Powders, rouges and other paint,
Making faces what they "ain't."

—Josephine Messineo

Student: How can I remember whether "who" or "whom" should be used in a sentence?

Teacher: If you think "who" is correct, use "whom."

What the football world needs is a good five-cent cheer.

Being on the football team doesn't spoil a boy any more than age spoils an egg.

A football player: What position shall I play, Coach?

Coach Donnelly: You may play guard and end—sit on the end of the bench and guard the water pail.

Mr. Hamm: When rain falls, does it ever rise again?

Student: Yes

Mr. Hamm: When?

Student: Why, in dew time—

Biol. Teacher: What is a virgin forest?

Answer: One in which the hand of man has never set foot.

She has teeth like pearls

Pearl who?

Where were you in the fourth period?

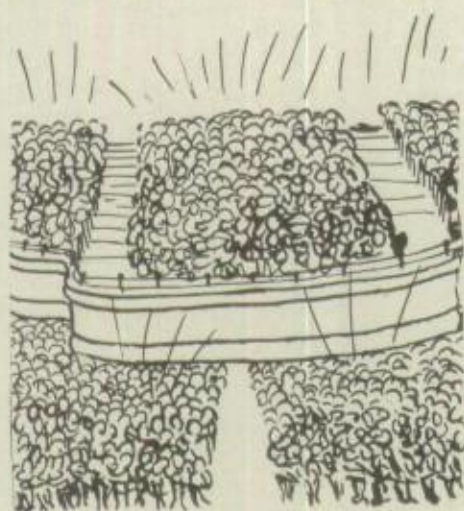
I eat the fourth period.

Oh, that's what happened to it.



A freshman hesitated on the word "connoisseur."
Teacher: Well, what would you call a man who pretends to know everything?
Freshman: A teacher

<i>How's About Tomorrow Night?</i>	John Schwind
<i>Feeling High</i>	Carl Hedborg
<i>You Can Put It in the Papers</i>	Marguerite Smith
<i>I Carry You in My Pocket</i>	Any Freshman
<i>Sophisticated Lady</i>	Johanna Franz
<i>O. K. Toots!</i>	Stella Kozak
<i>Down the River of Golden Dreams</i>	Jack Moller (in Latin class)
<i>Dames</i>	Charlie Farr
<i>Hands Across the Table</i>	Red Lowry (in the "caf")
<i>Learning</i>	Alex Marshall
<i>Pretty Girl, Lovely Evening</i>	Margaret Wright
<i>Play to Me, Gypsy</i>	Olga Bolinski
<i>Easy Come, Easy Go</i>	Jack Hughes
<i>Girls, Girls, Girls</i>	John Wantik
<i>Wine, Women, and Song</i>	"Slim" Zanetti
<i>Dancing in the Moonlight</i>	Charlotte Schultz



The boys who applaud loudest and longest in the assembly period usually have heard the least.



Ranaletti-I used a megaphone in school
Coach- Were you a cheer leader?
Ranaletti- No, I used the other end.

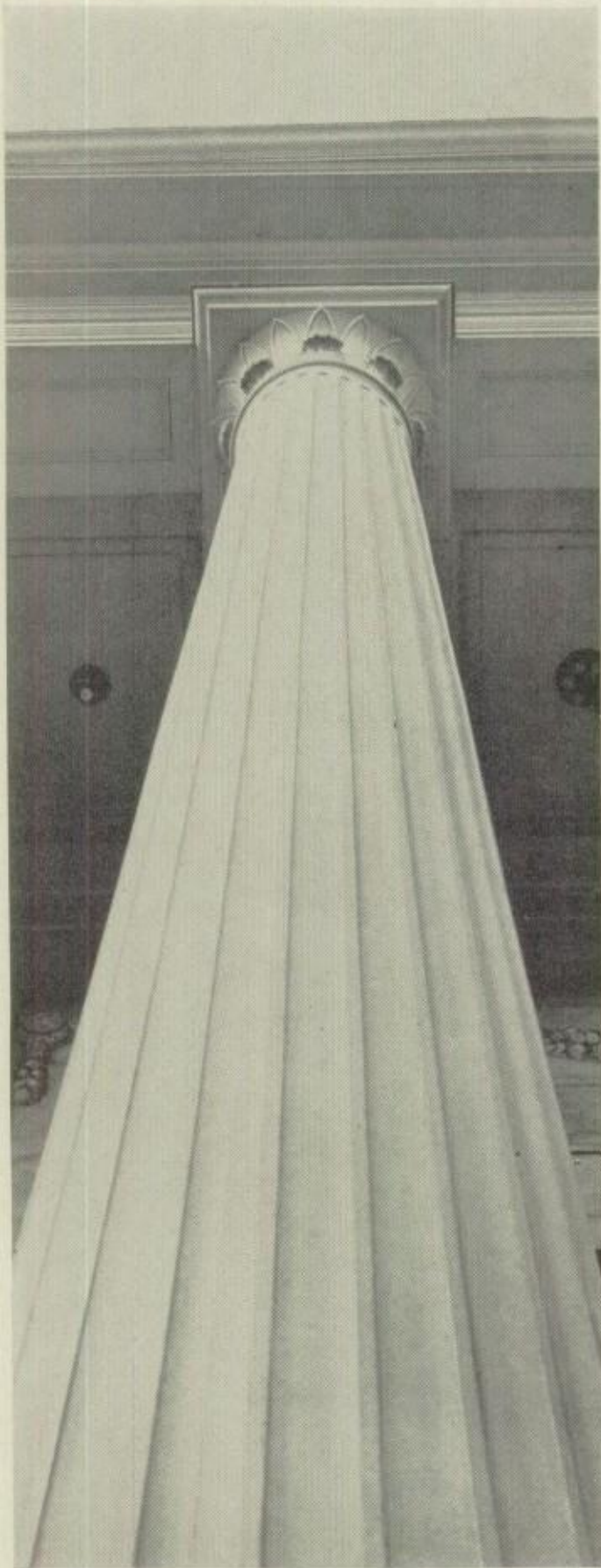
Gramps

My grandpa is a funny guy
When everything is said,
Who wears a funny looking thing
Upon his baldish head.
A nightcap it is called,
(You've probably guessed it right).
And when gramp puts it on his head,
It is a funny sight.
And just before he goes to bed,
His tiredness to dispel,
He takes his night cap from a glass
Internally as well.

—Morton Rochelle

Seniors





The School Building

IN THE issue of the *Reflector* for June, 1934, there appeared at the beginning of the Senior Section a picture of the portico of the school. It was widely praised, both among the student body and among people outside the school who happened to see it.

Hence throughout this issue of the *Reflector* we are presenting two more views of parts of the school building, in which we find beauty.

We wish to thank Mr. Weibrecht, the photographer, for his willing assistance in taking these difficult photographs.

ALFRED TOTH

"Al"

Activities: President of Senior Class, Honor Society, Vice-president of History Club.

Hobbies: Sports

Future: Undecided.

"Never an idle moment."

HEDWIG LUGOS

"Hed"

Activities: Vice-president of Senior Class, Senior Play, President and Business Manager of G. A. A.

Hobbies: Athletics, dancing

Future: Undecided.

"I just can't make my eyes behave."

ELIZABETH GALINAK

"Lee"

Activities: Secretary, Senior Class; basketball, soccer, swimming, G. A. A., Honor Society.

Hobbies: Giggling and playing.

Future: Nurse.

"Dull not device by coldness and delay."

BERTHA PASICKA

"Bert"

Activities: Treasurer Senior Class, Honor Society, Cheer Leader, G. A. A.

Hobbies: Basketball.

Future: Hospital

"Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe."

FREDERICH BECKER

"Fred"

Activities: Treasurer Junior and Senior Classes, Hi-Y, Captain Cross-Country, Track.

Hobbies: Sports, stamps.

Future: University of Pennsylvania, Insurance broker.

"A winner never quits, and a quitter never wins."





WINFIELD ADAM "Winnie"
 Activities: President Hi-Y, Captain Junior Police, Senior Play.
 Hobbies: Reading, swimming.
 Future: Y. M. C. A. secretary.
"Life is just what you make it."

HUBERT ALVAREZ "Hubie"
 Activities: The class.
 Hobbies: Raising cain.
 Future: Undecided.
"You have known what you should not."

JOHN ANDRIEVICH "Andy"
 Activities: Math Club, Spanish Club.
 Hobbies: Sports, eating and sleeping.
 Future: Chemist.
"There are some defeats more triumphant than victories."

MARION BAILEY "Woots"
 Activities: Reflector, Footlights Club, Press Club, Vice-president Archery Club, President Music Appreciation.
 Hobbies: Sports, acquiring erudition.
 Future: A loving wife.
"Smile and the world smiles with you."

RUTH BARWICK "Ruthie"
 Activities: Glee Club.
 Hobbies: Music, reading.
 Future: Private secretary.
"Still Waters?"

MARY BULLOCK
 Activities: Glee Club.
 Hobbies: Reading.
 Future: College.
"Light and airy, that's our Mary."

JEANETTE BURBANK "Nott"
 Activities: G. A. A., Junior Prom, Senior Dance Committees, Reflector.
 Hobbies: Dancing, the movies.
 Future: Beauty culture.
"Pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant to think on."

ARNOLD BRASK "Arm"
 Activities: Senior Play, Glee Club, Junior Police, Tennis.
 Hobbies: Dancing.
 Future: College.
"If I didn't care."

DOROTHY CASE "Dot"
 Activities: Secretary Girl Reserves, German Club, Honor Society.
 Hobbies: Dancing, swimming.
 Future: High School Teacher.
"Time is the life of the soul."

JOHN CEDERBERG "Johnny"
 Activities: Baseball, football.
 Hobbies: Sports.
 Future: Business, Custom House inspector.
"Life is just a bowl of mixed fruit."

MARGARET CICCARELLI

"Margie"

Activities: The class.

Hobbies: Reading.

Future: Private secretary.

"Nothing is more than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great."

JOHN CHANDA

"Chandu"

Activities: Reflector, Junior Police, History Club.

Hobbies: Traveling, kibitzing.

Future: Philosopher.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

EDWARD CIESLA

"Cies"

Activities: Orchestra.

Hobbies: Games, reading.

Future: Business.

"He gently blushed."

JENNY CIESLA

"Jen"

Activities: Reflector, basketball, soccer, tennis.

Hobbies: Hiking, dancing.

Future: Undecided.

"Life's a path of roses."

ELEANOR CRITSON

"El"

Activities: Honor Society, Senior Dance, G. A. A., Soccer, Tennis.

Hobbies: Dancing.

Future: Private secretary.

"A light heart lives long."

HENRY CROLAND

"Chess"

Activities: Reflector Activities Editor, Junior Prom.

Hobbies: Visiting Paterson girls, arguing.

Future: Law.

"Success for those that fight"

AUGUST DALLA MURA

"Augie"

Activities: Track, football, Glee Club, Math Club.

Hobbies: Chinese Grand Opera.

Future: Sailor.

"I have done the state some service, and they know it."

CHRISTINE De GHETTO

"Chris"

Activities: Glee Club.

Hobbies: Sports, Reading.

Future: Normal School.

"It's a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

ETHEL DUDASIK

"Et"

Activities: President G. A. A., Reflector, Junior Prom, Honor Society, Senior Dance.

Hobbies: Sports, scrapbooks.

Future: Sargeant College.

"Athletics are my very life."

GEORGE DUDASIK

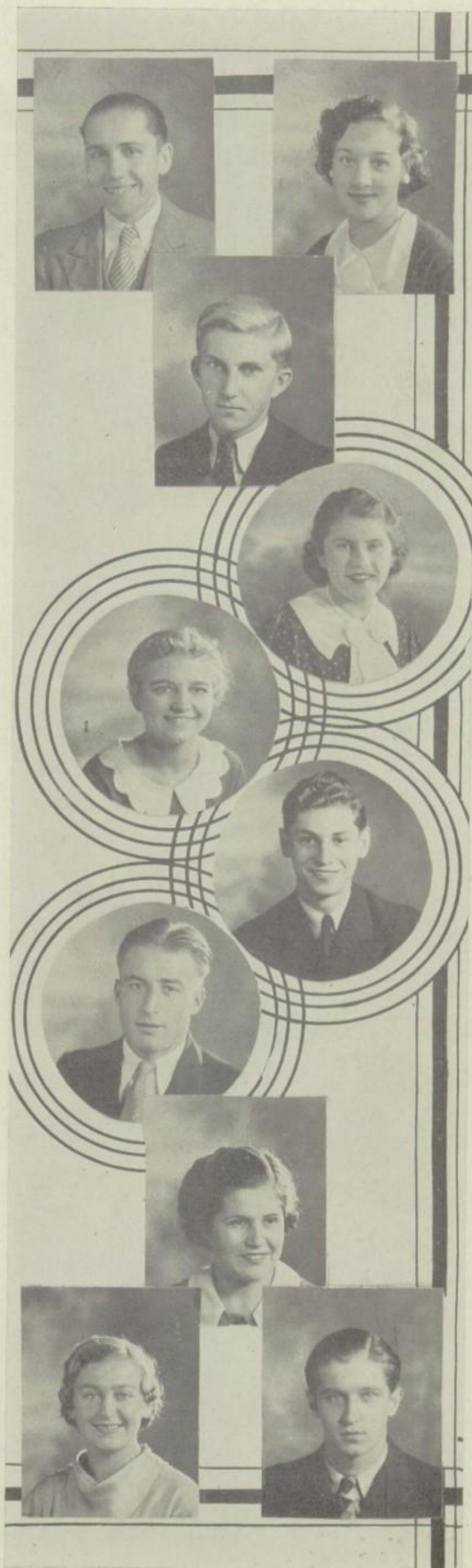
"Dud"

Activities: Basketball, baseball, swimming, handball.

Hobbies: Swimming, sports.

Future: Prep school business.

"Rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong."





ALEXANDER DUNN "Al"
Activities: Captain of Football Team.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: Undecided.

"Taking the game seriously is a ground-gainer in any contest."

HARRY FEDERICO "Fed"
Activities: Senior Play, Mixed Chorus, Glee Club, Track manager
Hobbies: Sports, dancing.
Future: Automobile industry.

"He stole the show."

LOUIS FIORI "Lou"
Activities: The class.
Hobbies: Reading, sports, cabinet work.
Future: Business.

"I have steeled my heart against the wiles of women."

MICHAEL FRANKO "Mickey"
Activities: Class Will Committee.
Hobbies: Sports, stamp collecting.
Future: Undecided.

"Every moment dies a man, every moment one is born."

JOSEPHINE GALACKI "Jo"
Activities: Senior Play, Girls' Glee Club, German Club, swimming.
Hobbies: Dancing.
Future: Normal school.

*"Not too series, not too gay.
What a jolly good girl in work or play."*

WANDA GOLENIA "Blondie"
Activities: Soccer, basketball, tennis.
Hobbies: Dancing, swimming.
Future: Business.

"Is not this something more than fantasy?"

PAULINE GIAMBALVO "Paul"
Activities: Honor Society French Club, Tennis.
Hobbies: Dancing.
Future: Rider's College.

"She who says but little is wise."

EDNA GRIMSHAW "Eddie"
Activities: Glee Club, Footlights Club, G. A. A., Debating Club.
Hobbies: Swimming.
Future: Undecided.

"Learn to be quiet."

MAX GAZEKO "Maxie"
Activities: Junior Police, Baseball.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: Business.

"Face the world with a smile."

CORNELIA HAITSMA "Cora"
Activities: Soccer, Tennis, Girl Reserves, Glee Club, G. A. A.
Hobbies: Swimming and tennis.
Future: Orange Memorial Hospital.

"I do perceive here a divided duty."

HELEN JOHNSTON "Pet"
 Activities: Footlights Club, Glee Club, G. A. A., Senior Dance.
 Hobbies: Sports, cooking.
 Future: College.

"Like another Helen, fired another Troy."

INGRID HUSBY "Hince"
 Activities: Lex Loci, Tennis, Soccer, G. A. A.
 Hobbies: Hiking, music.
 Future: Ridgewood Secretarial School.

"Heaven hides nothing from thy view."

SYLVIA KATZ "Syl"
 Activities: Glee Club, Footlights Club, Tennis.
 Hobbies: Dancing, riding.
 Future: College.

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

ELLA KISS "Kissie Wissie"
 Activities: Glee Club, G. A. A., Footlights Club.
 Hobbies: Swimming and riding.
 Future: Undecided.

"Contentment is better than riches."

CHARLES KNIPPLE "Charlie"
 Activities: Football, '32, '33, '34; Golf, Mixed Chorus.
 Hobbies: Music.
 Future: Undecided.

"Thereby hangs a tale."

SOPHIE KOMAR
 Activities: Basketball, Soccer.
 Hobbies: Sports, reading.
 Future: Beauty Culture.

"Practice makes perfect."

JENNIE KOSTOMACHA "Jean"
 Activities: Honor Society, German Club, Senior Play.
 Hobbies: Dancing.
 Future: N. Y. U.

"Everything must have a beginning."

MARGARET KOSTYN
 Activities: The class.
 Hobbies: Sports, Reading.
 Future: Undecided.

"Men must not walk too late."

ALICE KOVAC
 Activities: Footlights Club, Tennis.
 Hobbies: Reading, Sports.
 Future: Business

"I rule and possess one man."

STELLA KOZAK
 Activities: Reflector, French Club, Sports.
 Hobbies: Dancing.
 Future: N. Y. U.

"The purpose of life is not merely to exist, but to live."





JOHN KUBAREWICZ

Activities: Glee Club.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: Business.

"Toiling onward towards his goal."

MICHAEL KRUPA

Activities: The class.
Hobbies: Short-story writing, Books.
Future: Undetermined.

"Taste the joy that springs from labor."

JOSEPH LEHANSKI

"Joe"

Activities: Senior Play, Junior Prom, Radio Club.
Hobbies: Photography
Future: Undecided.

"Hence loathed melancholy."

CAROLYN LEIBACH

"Carol"

Activities: Girls' Junior Police, Girl Reserves, Footlights Club.
Hobbies: Dancing.
Future: Undecided.

"Luck is a great word with U the most important letter."

CIRO LaPINTO

"Cyr"

Activities: Spanish Club.
Hobbies: Gymnastics, sports.
Future: Business.

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

ROBERT LASINSKY

"Bob"

Activities: Class Will Committee.
Hobbies: Fishing, aviation.
Future: Aviation Engineer.

"Life is just what you make it."

ADA LEVINE

Activities: Glee Club.
Hobbies: Dancing and swimming.
Future: Nurse.

"A thing slipped idly from me."

JOHN MADRYGAN

"Jack"

Activities: Footlights Club.
Hobbies: Jerking sodas, good-looking girls.
Future: Film Director.

"Think not I am what I appear."

PETER MAGUIRE

"Pete"

Activities: Baseball '31, '33, '34; Freshman Basketball, Glee Club, Hi-Y.
Hobbies: Skating, swimming.
Future: Undecided.

"What treasures lie in baseball!"

MARY MASON

"Maw"

Activities: Footlights Club.
Hobbies: Literature.
Future: Undecided.

"He kept her as the apple of his eye."

ANITA MENGOTTO

"Neet"

Activities: Girls' Junior Police, G. A. A.

Hobbies: Dancing, tennis.

Future: Dancer.

"Grace was in all her steps."

THELMA MIEROP

Activities: Law Club, Tennis, Soccer.

Hobbies: Swimming.

Future: Business.

"Never hurry, never worry."

ANNE MIHALOVICH

"Annie"

Activities: President Girl Reserves, Latin Club, G. A. A.

Hobbies: Talking, leading men on.

Future: Private Secretary.

"We called her the woman who did not care."

ERNEST MULNAR

"Ernie"

Activities: The class.

Hobbies: Sports, fun-making

Future: Undecided.

"Always the same, a friend to all."

WILLIAM MULVIHILL

"Bill"

Activities: Chairman, Senior Play Ticket Committee.

Hobbies: Hunting and fishing.

Future: Lawyer.

"Life is not merely living, but enjoying."

CHARLES MUNIER

"Charlie"

Activities: The class.

Hobbies: Fishing.

Future: Undecided.

"Put in every honest hand a whip."

ROSE NORMAN

Activities: Soccer, swimming.

Hobbies: Horseback riding, swimming.

Future: Undecided.

"'O Love,' they said, 'is King of Kings!'"

ELIZABETH PALKO

"Betty"

Activities: Soccer, Archery Club, G. A. A.

Hobbies: Drawing, athletics.

Future: Business.

"Content is freedom."

HELEN PAPROCKI

Activities: The class, Junior Prom.

Hobbies: Reading.

Future: Teaching.

"Honor is the reward of virtue."

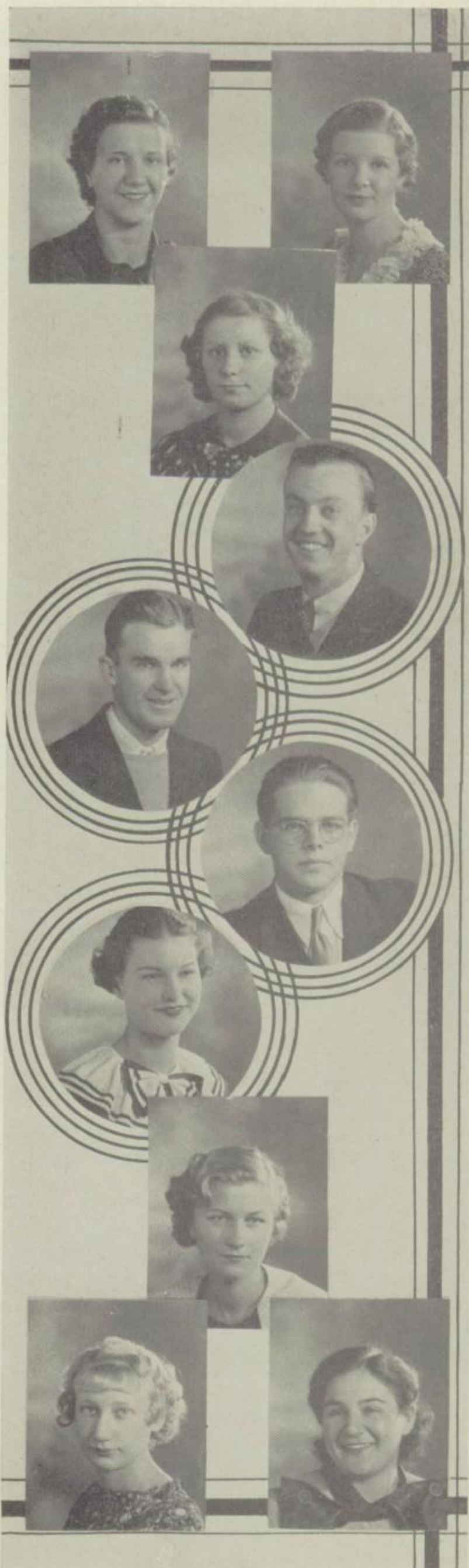
MILDRED PATERNOSTER

Activities: Girl Reserves, Glee Club, Mixed Chorus.

Hobbies: Dancing, swimming.

Future: Teacher.

"I do beguile the thing I am, by seeming otherwise."





MARY PIDA "Chip"
 Activities: Basketball, Glee Club, Footlights Club.
 Hobbies: Dancing.
 Future: Undecided.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

VINCENT POWELL "Vince"
 Activities: Lex Loci, Boys' Glee Club, Mixed Chorus.
 Hobbies: Tinkering around his car.
 Future: Mortician.

"His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities."

LOUIS RANALETTI "Lou"
 Activities: Manager, football team.
 Hobbies: Sports.
 Future: Undecided.

"He needs not our mistrust."

GERTRUDE RASCHER "Gert"
 Activities: Baseball, Soccer.
 Hobbies: Driving, swimming.
 Future: Business.

"Sue to him again, and he is yours."

ADELAIDE REYNOLDS
 Activities: President Girl Reserves, Soccer.
 Hobbies: Horseback riding.
 Future: Undecided.

"Hold for your lives!"

MARY RICHARDS "Mae"
 Activities: The class.
 Hobbies: Writing.
 Future: Undecided.

"Be bright and jovial."

MARION SABBAGH
 Activities: Glee Club.
 Hobbies: Reading, Sports.
 Future: Undecided.

"We are but young in deed."

WILLIAM SAHAYDAK
 Activities: The class.
 Hobbies: Reading, Sports.
 Future: College.

"Speech is great, silence greater."

ELIA SANTIN "El"
 Activities: Basketball, Soccer, Tennis.
 Hobbies: Motoring, dancing.
 Future: Private Secretary.

"I chitter, chatter as I go."

HATTIE SCHUSTER
 Activities: Girl Reserves, Glee Club, German Club, Honor Society.
 Hobbies: Reading.
 Future: Undecided.

"See, and then speak yourselves."

NELLIE SMITS

"Nell"

Activities: G. A. A., Dance, Junior Prom, Soccer.

Hobbies: Dancing, sports.

Future: Business

"A merry heart goes all the way."

HELEN SINDMACK

"Fritz"

Activities: Swimming, Basketball, French Club, Glee Club.

Hobbies: Sports, music.

Future: Secretary.

"The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."

HELEN SNYDER

Activities: G. A. A., Glee Club, Soccer, Footlights, Junior Prom Committee.

Hobbies: Swimming, Reading.

Future: Undecided.

"There's mischief twinkling in her eyes."

JOHN STRANGE

"Johnnie"

Activities: Track Team, Junior Prom Committee.

Hobbies: Music.

Future: Orchestra Leader.

"Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are small."

ANNE SURGENT

Activities: Senior Play, Chairman of Orchestra committees for Senior Dance and Junior Prom, Chairman of G. A. A. Dance, '33, '34; Secretary Press Club

Hobbies: Journalism, Surf-board riding.

Future: Journalism.

"Act well your part; there all the honors lie."

NICHOLAS SWERDUCK

Activities: The class, Radio Club.

Hobbies: Sports.

Future: Undecided.

"Nothing can touch him further."

DOROTHY THORN

"Dot"

Activities: Lex Loci, Basketball.

Hobbies: Dancing.

Future: Stenographer.

"Often seen but seldom heard."

ELLEN TIZIANI

"El"

Activities: Honor Society, Soccer, Tennis.

Hobbies: Hiking.

Future: Hospital training.

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

HAROLD VAN WINKLE

"Rip"

Activities: The class.

Hobbies: Stamps.

Future: Business.

"Our quiet boy, we wonder?"

DOLORES WADE

"Dolo"

Activities: Basketball, Glee Club, Footlights Club.

Hobbies: Dancing, swimming.

Future: Undecided.

"Good nature is a good asset."





MARION WALTON

"Walt"

Activities: The class.
Hobbies: Reading.
Future: Business.

"Neat, not gaudy."

MARIE WOUDENBERG

"Iceberg"

Activities: Soccer, Baseball.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: Business.

"More light and light."

WINIFRED WELKER

"Winnie"

Activities: G. A. A., Basketball.
Hobbies: Dancing.
Future: Business.

"For nothing lovelier can be found."

CHARLES WILSON

"Charlie"

Activities: The class.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: Undecided.

"All play and no work makes Charlie a mere toy."

GORDON WILSON

"Gus"

Activities: Track, Football.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: Undecided.

"The ills we do their ills instruct us to."

JACK WOODRUFF

Activities: Radio Club, Honor Society.
Hobbies: Skating, Swimming, Mountain Climbing.
Future: Undecided.

"Through all things foul would wear the brows of grace."

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT

"Jennie"

Activities: The class.
Hobbies: Sports, reading.
Future: Undecided.

"Take heed of still waters, they quickly pass away."

NORMA ZANETTI

"Nerm"

Activities: G. A. A., Soccer, Tennis.
Hobbies: Sports.
Future: N. Y. U.

"How many things by season seasoned are."



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STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE REFLECTOR
JUNE, 1934 ISSUE

INCOME

Circulation—454 copies @ .70.....	\$317.80
37 copies @ 1.00.....	37.00
	<u>\$354.80</u>
Advertising	241.36
Total Income	<u>\$596.16</u>

EXPENDITURES

Printing (Wood Press)	\$450.25
Photographs, etc. (Paterson Photo Engraving Co.).....	155.64
Sales forms (Gould Press)	23.25
Convention Fee (C. S. P. A.).....	4.00
Convention Exp. (Lehigh University)	7.25
Postage	5.72
Photography (Snapshots)	1.60
Advertising Commission	22.45
Miscellaneous (carfare, framing certificates, etc.).....	6.35
	<u>676.51</u>
Total Expenditures	676.51
Deficit, June 1934 issue	80.35
Accumulated deficit	66.79
	<u>\$147.14</u>
Total Deficit	\$147.14

STATEMENT OF ESTIMATED INCOME AND EXPENDITURES
FOR THE CURRENT ISSUE

INCOME

Circulation Anticipated	\$399.00
Ads Solicited	170.00
Patrons	52.00
Senior Funds Available	35.00
Athletic Association	25.00
Contribution	10.00
	<u>\$691.00</u>
Total Income	\$691.00

EXPENDITURES

Federal Printing	\$400.00
Paterson Photo Engraving Co.	125.00
Gould Press	4.50
Wood Press	9.50
Postage	3.86
Convention Fee (North Jersey Scholastic Press).....	1.00
	<u>\$543.86</u>
Deficit	147.14
	<u>\$691.00</u>
Total Expenditures	\$691.00

